

Father Damien's Letters.

EVERY man's character manifests itself in his words, not only in his spoken, but also in his written words. Even in the scientific treatise and theological dissertation the traits and peculiarities of the writer cannot remain concealed, and we find that just where he seems to keep his own personality most completely out of sight, it peeps through unawares, and the reader is able to form a very shrewd guess at the general characteristics of the learned author. But the amount of information to be gained about the individual from his books is small indeed as compared with that which is to be gained from his letters. In them the true man is forced to show himself, even in those written to comparative strangers. Prudence, and gentleness, and kindness of heart, and unselfish charity, and firmness of character, may be read clear and plain where these are the gifts of him who writes them. Still more bright do such traits shine forth in letters written to the members of his home circle; in them the mask of conventionality is torn away, and virtue appears in all its unveiled natural beauty.

All really good men, and all holy men, even those who are most absorbed by the labours they have undertaken for the cause of God, leave in their letters many unconscious proofs of their virtue or of their holiness. Somehow the saints seem to have time for every one, and thoughts to spare for every one, and though in some instances it may be that from a lofty and supernatural motive they cut themselves off from all communication with the world they have abandoned in order that they may give themselves to God and to the work of God, yet this is the exception, not the rule. He who even upon the Cross remembered His Holy Mother and the Beloved Disciple, and occupied Himself with providing for their needs, generally puts it into the heart of those who follow in His footsteps to keep up the memory of their family circle, and cheer the hearts of those whom they have left behind with letters full of interest and of

affection, and which at the same time rejoice the hearts of those who receive them, and are touching and lasting memorials of those who write them.

In Father Damien's letters the apostle of charity unconsciously gives us many and touching evidences of the exalted virtue and all-embracing love which has made his life renowned throughout the world. We observe in them the gradual growth within him of those impulses and inspirations which led him on from his very childhood along the road of sanctity. We notice, more perhaps than anything else, the exquisite sensitiveness of his nature, at the same time joined to that common sense, natural prudence, and decision of character which furnished a solid foundation for that magnificent structure of self-sacrificing virtue which was built up within him by the operation of the Holy Ghost. We notice, moreover, in all his letters a unity of purpose, in early days faint and scarcely to be discerned, but in later life enabling him to centre himself on that wondrous work that God entrusted to him. With this unity of purpose was necessarily conjoined, as the concave with the convex, a wonderful detachment from all personal and selfish considerations. His strong family affections, which remained with him to the last, nevertheless simply disappeared when there was a question of work for God. He simply danced for joy when he was informed that he was to be sent to Molokai, and his complete absorption in the task of ministering to the lepers, and his passionate devotion to them, can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the sickening sense of horror and repulsion that close contact with a bad case of leprosy arouses in ordinary men. But his self-annihilation, or rather the gradual extinction of self, is perhaps the most wonderful of his characteristics. His words, on the day he received Extreme Unction, are the best evidence of the perfection to which this spirit of unselfishness had advanced. Referring to the arrival of two more priests, and the presence of the Sisters of Charity, he said, "That was my *Nunc dimittis*. The work of the lepers is safe. I am now no longer necessary, so before long I shall be off to Heaven."

Father Damien says of himself on one occasion in writing to his brother, "I am neither a poet nor a writer." His letters have no special charms of diction, but yet every one will read them with pleasure. The mere fact that they were written by Father Damien would be enough to invest them with a strong interest of their own, but there is in them some-

thing which of itself irresistibly attracts the reader. Throughout them there is from the very first the generous love which marked his life. In the very first letter, written when he was not yet nine years old (December 31, 1848), we trace the dawn of that love in the simple, affectionate terms with which he greets his parents on the occasion of the new year. It was no mere form of words in which he addressed them soon after going to school at Braine-le-Comte: "I do not know how I can ever prove as I ought my gratitude for all the benefits you have conferred upon me from my earliest years. If I knew that you were all in the same good health that I myself enjoy, I should be quite happy."

Other traits in this hero of Divine grace which come out prominently before the reader of Father Damien's letters are his contented spirit and perfect resignation to God's will. All through his life never a grumble. At his death he was more than contented, he was quite gay, and his only regret was that he could not see the Bishop again, if it can be called a regret when expressed as follows: "I should have been very glad to see Monseigneur again, but God in His goodness calls me to celebrate Easter with Him. May He be blessed for it!"

We have mentioned Father Damien's exceeding sensitiveness. Sensitiveness is one of the common accompaniments of sanctity; not susceptibility, which feels hurt where no real cause exists for it, but the sensitiveness which any seeming neglect wounds to the quick. By the Providence of God it happened that for some little time before his death he received no letters from his family. It was no fault of theirs; the cherished memory of their absent son and brother was ever present to their heart, but it may be that each thought that some other member of the family had written, or had special news of interest to tell. God ordained that it should be so, to try his patience in a matter where his natural affection was most intensely strong, and that His servant might bow his head under the bitter disappointment of seeing the steamer arrive again and again, and again and again no letter. In one of his letters we catch a glimpse of the intensity of his feeling. Writing to a nun in Belgium he says, and his words touch us the more from the fact that the letter in which they occur was probably the last he ever wrote: "My friends seem to treat me as though they were ashamed of my leprosy. Tending the lepers I have become one myself. I try to bear as well as I can the heavy

burden that the Providence of God has seen fit to lay upon me."

We make no apology for the number of letters printed here. We are sure that every detail in them will be of interest to our readers. We add nothing by way of introduction or comment, save the few words that are necessary here and there by way of explanation. If our readers desire more, they will do well to procure the *Life of Father Damien* published by the Catholic Truth Society,¹ which will furnish them with fuller details on many points to which allusion is made in his letters.

Father Damien's first letter is dated December 31, 1848.

LETTER I.

Love and gratitude urge me to come and beg your acceptance of the prayers that I offer without ceasing to the Author of all good. This year, you may be sure, will be a happy one for you, if God deigns to hear them.

May this expression of the feelings of my heart, poor though it be, make the offering of my good wishes to be acceptable to you.

Your son,

Werchter, December 31, 1848.

J. DEVEUSTER.

This first letter was written from the school at Werchter, to which he was sent for his early education. The next is from the College at Braine-le-Comte, near Brussels, where he remained for nearly ten years. It is pleasant to notice the natural, unstudied tone of these early letters, with no trace of precocious premature piety. As time goes on we observe in his correspondence the gradual and healthy development, first of a strong and devoted affection to his parents, and then, grafted on to this natural affection, the supernatural charity of which he became so bright and glorious an example. Letter II. is a perfect model of an honest, plucky schoolboy's letter. In the third and fourth letters we notice more marked indications of his tenderness and love for parents and for home. At the end of the fourth we see the first dawn of his religious vocation.

¹ *Father Damien: the Apostle of the Lepers.* From Original Letters and Information. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square. Price 1d.

LETTER II., UNDATED.

My very dear parents,—It is with great pleasure that I take up my pen to write you a little letter for the first time. By this time I have got quite accustomed to this place. I talk to the Walloons a little, I know my work, my lessons, my companions, and my bed. All in the house is very clean and comfortable ; our table is something like the one at an annual fair, and the beer is very good. Any Walloons that laugh at me I hit with a ruler. Our master is a Walloon, he is very good and very learned ; he gives me lessons in private.

The first day I was a little shy, and I didn't like to ask for anything, though I had neither books, pens, paper, or anything I wanted. Afterwards I asked Mr. Derne, our master, for some books, a brush, some pens, and some copybooks. On Sunday we went for a walk. I walked with a Walloon, and talked to him the whole time, and asked the name of everything I saw. On Whit Monday we went to the fair at Soignies, with five Flemings, and saw a beautiful procession.

Please let me know how my sister is, and all the other news. I remain ever your very devoted son,

J. DEVEUSTER.

Excuse the mistakes in this letter, and write soon.

LETTER III., UNDATED.

Braine-le-Comte.

My dear parents,—I am very glad to get a little free time, which gives me an opportunity of talking to you for a few moments. It is to you, my dear parents, that I owe not only my happiness, but also the education which I am receiving, and which I shall find useful at almost every moment of my life. I do not know how I can ever prove as I ought my gratitude for all the benefits you have conferred on me from my earliest years. I must ask you to forgive me for having delayed writing to you so long, but you know when one is at school to learn another language¹ than his mother language, one has not always got time to busy oneself with letter-writing. If I knew that all my family were in as good health as I am I should be quite happy.

As the term is getting on, I may tell you now that about the new year there will be a week's vacation, during which I hope to

¹ French.

pay a visit to all at home. Until that day, which will be the 31st, I remain, with love to all, your devoted son,

J. DEVEUSTER.

LETTER IV.

Braine-le-Comte, July 17, 1858.

My dear parents,—I avail myself of the short time which I have still to stay at school to write you a little letter, and above all, to give you a proof of my affection. As it is now two months since I saw you, I think I ought to make inquiries about your health, but I hope that it continues as good as mine. As the holidays are coming very near, I suppose I may say a word about them.

The distribution of prizes here will probably take place this day four weeks, August the 15th. Our head master told us so yesterday. I am sorry they are so near, because I shall reach home too soon, and shall forget the French I have learnt during the seven weeks that the vacation lasts.

I should like to stay here some weeks after the distribution of prizes if I had some one to stay with me. Of course I cannot stay alone. So I hope to come home on Monday, August the 16th. I believe the distribution at the Little Seminary at Malines will take place the same day, so that I may possibly return with my cousin, Felix.

I was very glad, my dear parents, to receive the parcel you sent me, and also a letter from Pauline. You sent the very clothes I wanted. I was more anxious to read the letter than I was to look at the clothes. She told me she had left you on June the 8th. What a happiness for her! She has had the happiness of having fulfilled the most difficult task on earth. I hope my turn will come to choose the path I ought to tread. Will it be impossible for me to follow my brother Pamphile?

In conclusion, I remain your devoted son,

J. DEVEUSTER.

LETTER V.

Braine-le-Comte, January 1, 1859.

My dear parents,—I am happy every time I have an occasion of expressing to you my love and respect. What a pleasure it is to me to tell you once more that I love you, and that my heart will never forget your benefits and kindnesses. I wish I could tell you over and over again all that I feel. May Heaven

guard you and protect you, and grant you a long and happy life.

Such are the earnest wishes of your very affectionate and respectful son,

J. DEVEUSTER.

In 1859 Joseph Devcuster entered the "Picpus" Congregation, which had been approved by the Holy See under the title of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and took the name of Damien. Thither his elder brother, Père Pamphile, had gone two years before, and it was his example that led Joseph to follow the same path. His education had been a commercial one, and his first idea was to take the humble position of a lay-brother. But God, who had a nobler work for him to do, inspired into his elder brother the idea of teaching him, half in joke, a few words of Latin. Damien showed such a turn for it, that his capacity came to the ears of his Superiors, and he was placed among the ecclesiastical students. The young Père recognized the hand of God in this intervention, and studied with wonderful success. In six months he had acquired enough Latin to read an ordinary book with fluency and ease. It was manifest that God's blessing was on his work, and his Superiors decided that he should be a priest.

The first letter of the new Père is a regular novice letter, with that wonderful capacity for pious reflections which almost invariably characterizes the first fervour of the young religious, and only in after-time develops into the less demonstrative but deeper sanctity of the labourer who has spent long years in the service of his God.

LETTER VI.

Paris, January 16, 1861.

My dear parents,—To delay any longer sending you my best wishes on the joyful occasion of the new year would be to stifle the feelings of filial love which urge me to write and express to you my affection. Alas! the immense distance between us does not allow me to throw myself into your arms, and to prove to you the feelings of love and gratitude with which my heart is so full. All that is left to me is to express it to you in writing, by wishing you a very happy new year, a long and peaceful old age, and the enjoyment of excellent health, and by making the incense of my feeble prayers ascend to Heaven,

that He may deign to bestow copious blessings on you and on all your family.

These are the wishes, my dear parents, simple but sincere, which are addressed to the Most High by him who calls himself your devoted son, Father¹ Damien.

I feel sure, my dear parents, that God will bestow on you the plenteous graces and the blessings unnumbered that I shall ask for you every day. But can I say the same of long life and good health? Alas, no! Experience and the case of one of my companions who was taken away from us a short time ago by a sudden and unforeseen death, makes me doubtful as to the fulfilment of my wishes. For who knows, if we could but penetrate the eternal counsels of God, but that we may not be already close to the end of our career, on the very threshold of eternity. Dear parents, we have all, I hope, begun this year happily, but what assurance have we that we shall finish it thus? Perhaps before the end of December death will have snatched from us a devoted father, a loving mother, or one of the children who are so dearly loved? Truly the thought of the uncertainty of the morrow should produce in a soul most hearty contrition, but for us, Christians or religious, who look upon ourselves as exiles here below, and who long only for the dissolution of our body that we may enter our true country, there is, it appears, to me, only joy and blessedness in the thought that each moment we get nearer to the last hour of our life. Then we shall hear those words of comfort and consolation, "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess ye the Kingdom I have prepared for you." This is the blessing I wish for you and all those dear to me.

I have no news worth mentioning for the present. At Paris we live happy and peaceful. I study Latin and Greek from morning till evening. Every Wednesday we have a walk. To-day, I believe, we are going skating. I must ask Gerard to lend me his skates, because they don't know how to skate here!

I have long been waiting to receive some news from you, but not a single letter has reached me. You might avail yourselves of the opportunity of sending by some novices from Louvain, who are to come to Paris next Monday. I must now stop joking, the bell is just going to ring for dinner.

¹ It is the custom in France to give to young religious the title of "Père," even before they are priests

Good-bye, my dear parents. While waiting for news from you, I commend myself to your charitable prayers, and am ever your very devoted son,

DAMIEN.

LETTER VII.

Paris, April 25, 1861.

My dear parents,—It is always a welcome day when I have an opportunity of sending you some news! Short as my letter must be, I could not possibly let Father Superior go without giving him a few lines for you, in which I wish I could express to you all the sentiments of love and filial affection of which my heart is full.

You understand yourselves, my dear parents, better than I can express to you, the sorrow and regret with which I learnt the death of my grandmother. It was on Easter Sunday that I heard the first news of it. A novice who was in correspondence with Pamphile informed me of it during dinner. I changed colour, and it was as much as I could do to remain in the refectory. Happily my first emotion was of short duration, and it changed to joy when I reflected a little on the words, "All that God does is right." Indeed, as we all must die, is it not an inestimable blessing that God has deigned to put an end to the pains and sufferings of this mother whom we loved so much, to reward her for the life of toil, and also of virtue, she has always led? Certainly she was ripe for Heaven, so that I have not the slightest doubt but she is now in possession of glory. It is this thought that makes me hope she will continue to have that motherly love for us in Heaven which she always showed us on earth when we had the happiness of going to see her. She will intercede for us with God, and will beg Him to allow us to join her as soon as possible. Oh, my dear parents, the hope of meeting soon in glory not only our grandmother, Eugénie, and so many other faithful friends who have gone before us, but you and all the family, of whom I have made a sacrifice to God, is an incentive to me in moments of depression, helps me in my work, and makes me sigh every moment for the hour when my soul, freed from the prison of the body, shall go and join the choirs of saints, to sing with them and with you the songs of Heaven to all eternity.

To obtain this happiness, dear parents, let us begin from this very day to prepare for a happy death. Let us not lose a moment of the little time we have still to live; let us walk on

in the way of holiness and justice, persuaded that at that moment we too shall have the happiness of hearing those consoling words: "Come, ye good and faithful servants, who have been faithful in small things, to take possession of the Kingdom I have prepared for you."

Of course you are anxious to hear how things are going on in Paris. Unfortunately, as I do not read the papers, I am not well up in the state of affairs. It is very seldom I go out in the town. Every Wednesday we go for a walk in a wood at some distance. About this wood I could say a great deal, as I know every avenue in it. About a thousand men are always at work there, in order to make it more and more pleasant. They make new roads, and dig small water-courses, so that the water may run in every direction. But unfortunately, whereas before one could be quiet, and enjoy the pleasures of a walk, now we see nothing but gentlemen and ladies, riders and carriages at every turn, which are a great distraction and very annoying. What walks there are in the town have now no attraction for me, as they had at the outset; to my mind there is something very melancholy about them. So whenever there is any question of a choice as to our walks, I always leave the streets to those who are more curious than myself.

In our community everything is going on splendidly. We are all as active as hares, and get on capitally with one another. The arrival of one of our missionary Bishops has given us an occasion of having Pontifical Mass in our chapel. It was on Easter Sunday; it was the first time I had seen this solemn ceremonial. Instead of two or three priests, twenty or twenty-five were at the altar. In the evening, after Vespers, the chapel was full of soldiers. The good Bishop held a short discourse, gave them his blessing, and then came Benediction. The soldiers sang, and went on the altar—in fact, they did everything. They themselves were delighted. I believe this zealous missionary will shortly return to his mission in Oceania, and may possibly take some of us with him. Would you not be happy if I were to be one? . . . Good-bye, my dear parents. I commend myself to your charitable prayers.

Give my kind love to all the family, especially to those who come to the fair.

I remain, in union with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, your devoted son,

FATHER DAMIEN.

His next two letters are from Louvain, whither he was sent in 1861 for his theological studies.

LETTER VIII.

Louvain, December 29, 1861.

My dear parents,—I am delighted to see the time come round again when so many good wishes are sent up to the throne of the Most High for the welfare of parents and friends. I hasten to give you some proof of the love and gratitude of which my heart is full.

In wishing you a happy new year, I pray Heaven to shower down on you its blessings in abundance, to grant you good health joined with a peace of soul which nothing can disturb, to fill you with such love and charity that, after God, all your care shall be to love one another and make peace and union reign among the members of the family, and to give you great success in your temporal affairs, but above all in the affairs of your eternal salvation. Such are the heartfelt wishes offered up daily on your behalf to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, by your affectionate son,

FATHER DAMIEN.

In 1863, his elder brother Pamphile, who was already a priest, was ordered off to the Sandwich Islands. Just as he was starting, he was laid low by typhus fever. When Father Damien heard this, God inspired him with the generous resolve to offer himself to take his place. So he wrote to the Superior General, who at once gave him leave to go, to the no small surprise of the whole community at Louvain. Father Damien was not yet a priest, and it was almost unheard of to send abroad a young ecclesiastic who had not yet finished his studies. But God had chosen him even from his mother's womb to be the apostle of the lepers, and when God makes choice of any one to do His work, no human means can frustrate His design. In the autumn of 1863 Father Damien sailed for the Sandwich Islands, and after a long and dangerous voyage arrived at Honolulu on March 19, 1864.

LETTER IX.

Louvain, April 9, 1863.

My dear parents,—According to the promise we made you on occasion of the happy family fête which we kept

together, when your kind acceptance of our twofold invitation gave us so much joy and happiness, we have arranged, with the concurrence of our Superior, to go home and pay you a visit in our turn. As next Tuesday will be the most convenient for the Superior as well as for us, our vacation not being yet ended, we will endeavour (four or five of us, that is), to be at Nin about twelve o'clock; unless you wish that Father Pamphile should sing or say Mass on that day at Tremeloo. It would be a great pleasure for all members of our family, as well as for the villagers. In that case, will you kindly ask the permission of M. le Curé, and beg him to be good enough to give it out on Sunday from the pulpit, fixing ten o'clock on Tuesday as the hour. If you wish this, please send over some one on Monday to tell me.

I remain, your attached and grateful son,
FATHER DAMIEN.

LETTER X.

Bremerhaven, October 30, 1863.

My very dear parents,—After a three days' retreat at Paris, we left the mother-house, animated with truly apostolic courage. From 9 a.m. on Thursday we travelled express till noon on Friday, I may almost say without stopping. The vessel which was to take us to our destination was ready to start, so we went on board at once. By two o'clock our mass of luggage had been placed in our berths. We dined for the first time with our captain; he received us very kindly. We are treated like lords, and want for nothing. Five good Fathers from Paris take the greatest possible care of us. It seems to me that we have clothes enough for at least three years.

The ten Sisters who are with us are wonderfully courageous. Their cabin is next ours, but we hold no communication with them except through our Superior, Father Christian. We have very small cabins, in which there are two beds placed one above the other. Our life on board will be as if we were in a convent, we shall keep the same rules as at Louvain. We shall have our fixed hours for prayer, study, and recreation, in the saloon which serves as a refectory, and for all else we have to do. We have been fortunate enough to have two Masses, at which all the Brothers and Sisters communicated.

At noon on Saturday we shall leave the harbour, trusting ourselves to Providence, and to the direction of an experienced

captain, who has made this voyage every year for the last seven or eight years. His name is Geerken. Although a Protestant, he is very kind to us, and always dines with us. There is only one passenger besides ourselves.

We are now, my dear parents, on the eve of leaving not only our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, not only our second family, our brethren of Louvain and Paris, but also the fair continent of Europe, to cross an ocean whose billows often threaten to engulf us, for the purpose of living among men who are uncivilized, and, according to some accounts, more like brutes than human beings. The sacrifice is great indeed for one who tenderly loves his parents, his family, his brethren, and the land of his birth. But the voice that has called upon us to make a generous sacrifice of all is the voice of God Himself. It is our Saviour who says to us as to His first Apostles: "Going, teach all nations, instructing them to observe all My commandments, and behold I am with you all days till the consummation of the world."

These last words of our Saviour are very consoling to us. Jesus Christ is in an especial manner with missionaries. It is He who directs all their steps, who preserves them from all danger. It is He who commands the winds to cease, and the sea to be calm, the wild beasts to depart from us, and our spiritual enemies, the devil, the world, and the flesh, to leave us in peace. It is He who in the midst of trials, contradictions, and sufferings, shall cause us to enjoy a happiness of which he who has never experienced it can form no idea. For the graces of our state are so powerful that the greatest difficulties and trials do not trouble us. We already feel this, for when about to launch out into the midst of a stormy ocean, not only are we free from fear (this the sailors are), but we are as merry as can be. After being half an hour together, we are often quite tired with laughing and telling funny stories.

So, my dear parents, do not trouble yourselves in the least about us. We are in the hands of God, of an all-powerful God, who has taken us under His protection. All I ask you to do is to pray that we may have a good voyage, and that we may have courage to fulfil the holy will of God, everywhere and at all times. That is our life! Take also for your own this adorable will as manifested in the laws and commandments of God and of the Church, and in the voice of the priests our Lord has given you, as the infallible rule of your life,

of all your words and actions. This will it is which is represented in the Gospel as the narrow but tranquil way which leads to Heaven.

Good-bye, dearest parents, henceforward we shall not have the happiness of seeing one another, but we shall always be united by that tender love which we bear to one another. In our prayers especially let us often remember one another, and unite ourselves to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, in which

I remain, ever your affectionate son,
FATHER DAMIEN.

My dear parents,—In recognition of all your kindness towards me, I am sending you a portrait of myself framed, for which please send to our house in Louvain. You will receive twenty smaller copies, the photographer will send them you direct from Paris. I am going to write to Pauline directly, so I can enclose one myself for her. Please say your Rosary every evening for the missionaries.

Farewell, dear parents, farewell. Be careful always to lead a good Christian life, and never let the slightest wilful sin stain your soul. Walk in the right way. This is the last thing I ask of you; promise it me, and I shall be without fear on your behalf; I shall look forward with confidence to seeing you again in the heavenly country. Again, farewell; may Heaven bless your declining years. May the Blessed Virgin grant you the grace of a holy death, which will be followed by a happy eternity. This will be my daily prayer. Farewell. With heartfelt love,

Your affectionate son,
JOSEPH DEVEUSTER.

The next three letters have reference to his missionary work in the Sandwich Islands, before he entered on his long martyrdom in the colony of the lepers.

LETTER XI.

V.C.J.S.

Hawaii, Sandwich, Aug. 23, 1864.

My dear Father Pamphile,—Last March I sent you a detailed account of the principal occurrences during our long voyage from Europe to Oceania. From what other missionaries say we were most favoured by Providence

during the voyage, both in the matter of fine weather and in the shortness of the time that we took in coming; the journey too was not expensive. I am sorry I am neither a poet nor a writer to send you a good description of my new country, so I shall content myself with saying a few words about it.

Our archipelago lies on the border of the tropics, between twenty-one and twenty-three degrees from the equator. For two months, June and July, we have the sun directly over our heads, still the heat is not so great as I thought. The climate is delightful, so that strangers easily become accustomed to it, and generally enjoy better health here than in their own country. The Archipelago is made up of eight islands, four of which are large and four small. Hawaii, the one on which I am stationed, is larger than all the others together. It is as large as Belgium, if not larger. In the centre are three volcanoes, two of which appear to be extinct. The third is still active, and it is in the neighbourhood of this that Providence has destined me to be placed. From one end of my district to the other you have to walk on lava, that is, the stone and iron that the immense heat of the volcano has melted at different times and caused to flow towards the sea.

It is only a few years ago that the principal place in the island, Hilo, whence I am sending you these lines, was almost overwhelmed with this boiling lava, which nothing can withstand, not even the mountains, which it melts like everything else and sweeps away in its course. When once it is cooled, it is in some places like a smooth iron road, while in others there is nothing but sharp stones, over which it is impossible to walk. I have not as yet had occasion to pass by the mouth of the volcano, but the other Fathers tell me there is nothing like it in the world for giving one an idea of Hell. It measures from three to four leagues in circumference, and its length is between a hundred and a hundred and fifty yards. Looking into it in the evening you see quite distinctly the seething lava acted upon by the intense heat. As long as it does not rise all is right; there is not the slightest danger; but as soon as it begins to rise the hardest rocks are melted, and the newly-molten matter coming up from the centre of the earth, commences to flow towards the sea until it gradually cools. Sometimes it flows a distance of from fifteen to twenty leagues. From what I have told you, dear Father, you can

form some idea of the island of Hawaii, to which the Lord of the vineyard has sent me to work for the salvation of souls. The first two months after our arrival we spent in the central island, Oahu, where Mgr. Maigret permanently resides, and where the King and his Ministers also reside. The inhabitants of Honolulu alone number about 10,000 souls. The island itself is not very large. Father Aubert, in company with Father Christian, went round it on horseback in a week, preaching and hearing the confessions of the Christians in the villages around the island. The interior is uninhabited.

Father Liévain, Father Clement and I, spent this time in the college, preparing ourselves for the reception of Priest's Orders, so as to be ready to enter upon our missionary duties immediately afterwards. But how short was our preparation for so exalted a ministry! We were ordained priests on the Ember Saturday in Whitsun week, and next day said our first Masses in the Cathedral of Honolulu. Recall the feelings you yourself experienced, the day you had the happiness to stand at the altar for the first time to offer the Divine Victim of our salvation. Mine were the same with this difference, that you were surrounded by friends and brothers in religion, while I was surrounded by children, recent converts, who had come from all parts to see their new spiritual Fathers, whose coming they had so long desired, to protect them against the wolves which were pursuing them on every side. So that, dear Father, were not my heart so hard, methinks it would have melted like wax, so strong were the emotions I experienced in giving for the first time the Bread of Life to a hundred persons, many of whom had, perhaps, been on their knees before their ancient gods, and who now, clothed in white, approached the Holy Table with much modesty.

Father Liévain sang the High Mass, and in the evening delivered his first sermon in English with great success. English is very much used here. I recommend you in your journey here to do as we did; apply yourself diligently to the study of it. A few days after our ordination, Monseigneur assigned to each of us our field of labour, sending Father Liévain to the college, and Father Clement and myself to the large island of Hawaii. We left Honolulu with his Eminence on board a steamer in the beginning of June. Next morning we reached the island of Maui, where we

were fortunate enough to meet three other Fathers. I had barely time to offer Mass in their beautiful new church, before the whistle of the steamer gave the signal to go on board. It was very hard to have to leave these good Fathers so soon without knowing when I should see them again. Almighty God knew well how I longed to stay with them a few days at least, to profit from their long experience in the sacred ministry, the exercise of which is so difficult here.

We went on board, expecting the next day to arrive at our own island. But this was not to be so, for scarce had we left the harbour when the ship caught fire. The fire had already reached the outer casing of the ship before it was noticed. There was just time to extinguish it before the wood was burnt through, so that the water did not get in. We turned back immediately, and once more found ourselves safe and sound at the house of our Fathers at Maui, where we had to wait till another vessel arrived. I myself was not very sorry for this. The Bishop, however, was very anxious that we should reach Hawaii before the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the day fixed for blessing a new church which our lay-brothers had just built. One week passed and a second and no ship arrived. On the Sunday following Father Aubert sent me to a district five or six leagues away to exercise the duties of the sacred ministry. There, for the first time, I preached and heard confessions in the language of the country. This was three months after my arrival. Returning next morning I learnt to my astonishment that Monseigneur and Father Clement had gone on with a schooner which had called on Sunday. What a fix I was in! How was I to rejoin them? There was no ship to be had! A week, then a fortnight passed, and no vessel made its appearance! It was not until a week after the feast of St. Peter that I was able to leave, when the steamer, which had been undergoing repairs, was able to sail. I landed where the new church is, expecting to find the Bishop. I hoped to go with him to my district, which is on the opposite side of the island. To reach it we must have taken a journey of about sixty leagues on horseback. Well, I found the two Fathers of this district, but Monseigneur and the two Fathers belonging to my side of the island had gone five days before! I thought of joining them as quickly as was possible, but

where could I get a horse strong enough for such a journey? Certainly I might go on foot, but how could I find the way?

At last the Superior of the place decided that I should go the week following with him, when he was going to accompany Father Clement to his district. It was a distance of about thirty leagues, a considerable part of which was traversed on foot. Oh, how delighted were the Christians who had been deprived of the consolations of religion since the death of Father Eustace, four years ago, to see their new priest arrive! On Sunday, there were as many heretics as Christians in the crowd which collected to see us. Father Clement's district is a very large one; he has at least twenty leagues to travel in order to see all his flock of Christians. I hope that in time he will become an accomplished rider. The first year, especially, he will have enough work to satisfy his zeal. How many people to baptize, how many confessions to hear, seeing that for the last four years they have only been visited two or three times in the course of the year. I should have liked to have remained with him some time, but duty called me elsewhere.

On Tuesday the 20th of July Providence sent me a guide, as of old one was sent to Tobias, to conduct me to my mission. We left early on Wednesday morning, and walked as far as we could in three days and a half. On Saturday I reached the end of my journey, and to my surprise I found Monseigneur, with Fathers Charles and Celestine, whom I had to help on this side of the island.

On the Sunday Monseigneur gave Confirmation to those who had not received it, and next day took his departure on board a small vessel to return to Honolulu, where he arrived in safety some days later. I myself, longing to see the flock which the Divine Shepherd designed to entrust to His poor unworthy servant, went, on the Thursday after the 28th of July, to my district (Puna), which lies between that of Father Charles and that of Father Celestine.

I think I shall require fully three days to get from one end to the other. In every direction there are little villages scattered about, and for seven or eight years there has been no resident priest there. It was only in passing that some priest or other could visit the Christians, and he would have very little time to instruct catechumens. Before leaving, the Bishop told me that

I must remember that the mission was quite in its infancy. Indeed, I found no church in which to say Mass, but two are now in course of construction. With nothing more than a portable altar that I have with me, I sometimes say Mass in a native hut, where the Christians are accustomed to assemble on Sunday for prayers. I find sheep everywhere, but many of them are still outside the fold.

Calvinism has drawn many into its net. However, the news of a new priest for Puna has made them think about religion, and on my first round our good Lord gave me twenty-nine to regenerate in the holy waters of Baptism, whilst others are preparing to receive it.

After what I have told you, you can form some idea, at least, of the difficulties a missionary encounters in the exercise of his sacred ministry. Here we are in circumstances very different to those of priests in other countries. Here one's flock is scattered, and surrounded by heretics, who employ all the means in their power to seduce them, and they succeed more easily with the converts, who have not the faith deeply rooted in their hearts. Besides this, there are the laws of the country which are but little in favour of permanent marriage among the people, their only object being to free them from the condition of savages. But apart from these two evils, inconstancy and incontinency, you could not wish for better people; gentle, pleasant mannered, exceedingly tender-hearted, they neither seek to amass riches, or live in luxury, or dress much, but are most hospitable, and ready to deprive themselves even of necessities in order to supply your every want if you have to ask a night's shelter from them. Even obstinate heretics will treat a priest well if he comes to their house—but they have only done this since their prejudices against our religion have been removed. They never said anything unpleasant to me. When one speaks to them of religion they willingly admit that we are right, and they are in error, but it is the fear of their minister which holds them back from the Church. Generally they are of opinion that the Calvinistic creed and the Catholic faith are both good—an error which is often hard to remove. If Providence were to send us a holy priest like the *Curé d'Ars*, these stray sheep would soon be gathered in. Among the volcanoes of Puna I should wish above all to have that pure love of God, that ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, with which *M. Vianney*, the *Curé d'Ars*, was inflamed. Oh, my dear brother, I implore

you, pray yourself and get the prayers of others, both for myself as for my poor flock, that our Divine Saviour may vouchsafe to kindle in our hearts that fire which He came to cast upon the earth, and which He earnestly desires should be kindled. If you can help to kindle this fire in the heart of the pastor—which is, alas! often but too cold—how many sick and aged persons will be sought out by him in order that they may be regenerated by water and by the Holy Spirit before entering upon another life; how many of the young and ignorant will be snatched by him from the grasp of their heretical teachers! And if you can help further, my dear brother, to kindle this Divine flame in the hearts of the newly-converted, what abundant fruits of faith and holiness will be ripened for the heavenly harvest? See that you obtain the prayers of many Christians for your poor brother seeking the lost sheep on the distant shores of Oceania, that he may not yield to the innumerable temptations surrounding him, and that, his words being accompanied by the unction of the Spirit, he may gather a great number of stray lambs into the fold of the Church, and bring them in safety to the celestial pastures.

My dear Father, while I am writing you this letter some of my neophytes have come to speak to me. They, in their turn, wish to express to you in their own tongue their love for the Catholic Church, their love for priests, even for those who live five thousand leagues distant from them. Do not turn a deaf ear then, to their entreaty—they ask for rosaries to wear round their necks. They ask for priests—you who have the vocation to be a missionary, do you ask and you shall receive—incite others to come and join us and train them for the work. The harvest is now really abundant, since the prejudices roused by the Calvinists are removed. These false Ministers, who were formerly at the head of the Government, have been humbled. The King and all the Government are turning against them—the best thing that could happen. I want you, dear Father, to buy two bells for my two new churches, they must be smaller than the one at Louvain which Mgr. d'Abierie blessed. Towards this you may ask my parents to give something as well as Madame Dieudonné and other charitable persons. And you may also send me one or two hundred intentions for Masses, which I can say here.

As I have not time to write to all the Fathers and Brothers of Louvain, please read them this letter and send a copy of it

to Uden as well as to my parents—for whom it would be well to translate it into Flemish.

Good-bye, dear brother Pamphile, do not ever forget me in the Memento of your Mass. I shall do as much for you.

Your brother in union with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

FATHER DAMIEN, Missionary priest.

My kindest regards to the Fathers and Brothers at Louvain.

P.S.—Returning from my district at the end of October I find my letter has not been sent. I have twice made the round of my district in these two months. By means of a good number of Baptisms I have increased my little flock. I went to see the volcano at work. I went down quite close to the fire, it is a terrific sight. I have been to see Father Celestine's district, which is in very good working order. There are six chapels, by far the greater number of the people are Catholics. I rode upon a mule nearly all the way. Now that I have been the round of my district, I am going to rest for a week and then begin at once to visit the district of Father Charles, who is unable to do so himself. Then I go on as far as the house of Father Clement, and after remaining a few days with him I shall retrace my steps, revisiting all the Christians of Hilo and Puna, after which I shall go to see Father Celestine. I shall have to travel over at least sixty leagues. I am still very happy and my health is good, quite as strong and robust as it was in Europe. I have just had a letter from Father Liévain. The College is getting on very well, though there are only two Fathers there. English is taught to all, and Latin to some pupils. I have also received a letter from one of the Picpus Brothers, but not a word from Belgium.

Remember you must pay the postage of your letter to Nigort, about a franc and a half perhaps, otherwise it will never reach me. I am anxiously waiting for news from Louvain and from home. Let me have plenty of news.

This is my address in English—

Oceania, Sandwich Islands.

DAMIEN DEVEUSTER, Catholic priest,
Catholic Mission, Hilo.

Louvain—Pamphile.

If he is no longer there please send a copy of this to my parents, one to my sister at Uden, Holland, and the letter itself to him.

LETTER XII.

V.C.J.S.

Sandwich, March, 1865.

My very dear parents,—It is a great happiness to me whenever I have an opportunity of sending you news of myself, of reminding you, my dear parents, that in the midst of the great Pacific, on an island about one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, you have a son who loves you, a priest who prays for you, a missionary who passes his time seeking the lost sheep of our adorable Saviour. I have plenty of cares and troubles here, my dear parents. Still I am very happy.

Our Bishop has just made over to me a new parish, a little larger than that of Tremeloo. It takes me quite a month to get round it. Here we cannot travel by rail, or by carriage, or on foot. How then, think you, do we perform these long journeys? Well, we have got mules here and horses. I have just bought two—a very good horse for one hundred francs and a mule for seventy-five—in order to be able to travel about as much as I like. Sometimes I shall have to go by boat. The poor islanders rejoice when they see Kamiano and me coming. I like them immensely, and would willingly give my life for them, like our Divine Lord. So I do not spare myself when it is a question of going to visit the sick or any other persons seven or eight leagues distant. There was a severe earthquake here this year, as is often the case.

The Government is quite changed now. Whereas formerly heretics held all the power, now they are entirely excluded from it. I don't know yet if that will further the interests of religion or not. Idolatry is not yet totally abolished here. Often when any one is sick they offer sacrifices to the heathen gods. Many, however, are already converted, and day by day we are seeking to convert others.

Pray for the poor missionaries, my dear parents, for we have many difficulties here. Good-bye, my dear parents. Give my kind love to all. Tell Léonce, Gerard, and Victor to write to me—do let me have some tidings of you. Do not be at all anxious about me, but pray that I may persevere.

Your devoted son,

FATHER DAMIEN, Missionary Priest.

The following letter is supposed to have been written about the close of 1870 :

LETTER XIII.

Vivat Cor Jesu Sacrum.

Kohala, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands.

My very dear parents,—My mother's letter, which reached me in January, 1870, brought me the good news that, thanks be to God, all my family are very happy and enjoying good health. I was surprised to find that only my mother wrote, and there was not a single word from my father, until I learnt that he was suffering from fever. I had fever myself for several weeks, but now I am quite well, thank God. My duties are still the same. Last year a priest came to assist me, so that my work is a little lighter now.

My companion and I live at opposite ends of our immense district ; we each serve three churches four leagues distant from one another. We decorate our churches as well as we can. The Sisters have made us some flowers, and the tapers I make myself from the produce of my own beehives. From time to time, you see, I can allow myself the luxury of a little honey.

Our Bishop is still in Rome, whence he is to bring some priests, but I cannot say when he will return. I am sorry to hear that war has broken out between France and Prussia. I hope Belgium at least will not be disturbed.

Here everything is quiet. The Government is well disposed towards Catholics, though the Protestants are in strong force. Last winter an Austrian man-of-war was at anchor a long time in this harbour. The crew was composed of very good Catholics, whose conduct and example was most edifying. Since this the greater portion of the people of the capital have left the Protestants, and have begun attending the Catholic church. The commander of the ship made a handsome present to the church.

Continue to pray for me, and live as good Christians.

Your affectionate son,

JEF.¹ DEVEUSTER, Missionary Priest.

The following letter, which is undated, seems to have been the last which was written before his departure for Molokai :

¹ In later life Father Damien frequently signed himself Jef. Deveuster in writing to his family. Jef. is the Flemish abridgment for Joseph.

LETTER XIV.

It is now more than two years since I received any news of you, either from my parents or my brothers. Pauline and Auguste have however written to me lately. . . .

May God's will be done! We must all die some time: let us live like Christians, that we may be united to God for ever in Heaven. [He then refers to the brilliant success of Auguste's examinations.] What an honour for you to have so learned a son! As for me, my dear parents, I am quite well, and very happy in the office which the Lord has entrusted to me. My duties will be somewhat lighter now than in past years, as a priest has come to help me, and labour with me in my immense parish, which extends over twenty leagues. In the four years I have been here I have built four new churches and repaired one old one. I myself had to do the work of a carpenter. I have still one or two chapels to build in my parish, and then we can live more comfortably.

Last year I succeeded in bringing back to the right path about sixty heathens, to whom I administered Baptism. . . . Last year we had some very violent earthquakes here, caused by the gaseous vapours from the volcano. More than thirty men were killed by the eruption of the volcano, and about forty by a great wave which broke on the land with such force that no one had time to escape. An entire village, with a newly-built stone church, was destroyed by the inundation. The roof of two other stone churches fell in in consequence of the earthquake.

Leprosy is beginning to be very prevalent here. There are many men covered with it. It does not cause death, but it is very rarely cured. The disease is very dangerous, because it is highly contagious. The population of our islands consists of some sixty-two thousand souls at present. It was larger formerly. There are in all twenty-one priests in different parts of the islands. The island where I am is larger than all the others together. Here there are seven priests, who serve about twenty churches, and, I think, about one-third of the population are Christians, and the rest are either Protestants or unbelievers.

Do not forget, my dear parents, to pray for me every day, there are so many dangers here both for one's soul and one's body. . . .

For ten years Father Damien had been working with indefatigable energy as a missionary at Hawaii, when God called

him to that still more complete self-sacrifice, that task of almost unexampled heroism in which the rest of his days were spent. He had long been deeply moved by the sufferings of the poor lepers thickly scattered over the Hawaiian islands, and had longed to help them. Some eight years before, the Government seeing the necessity of taking some means to stop the terrible ravages of the disease, established a leper settlement and hospital at Molokai, where they were entirely isolated from all intercourse with those unaffected by the disease. There the poor sufferers were left without any of the consolations of religion, visited from time to time by one or other of the missionaries, but only at rare intervals, on account of the scarcity of priests.

One day the Bishop expressed his great regret that they had no resident priest among them. Their moral and spiritual condition was as lamentable as that of their bodies—vice and godlessness and ignorance were rife among them. It happened that at the moment two new missionaries had just arrived at Hawaii. Here was Damien's opportunity. "Monseigneur," he said, "you have two new missionaries. One of them can take my place, and if you will allow me, I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers." The heroic offer was gladly accepted, and the very same day he sailed with a consignment of lepers to the hospital, where henceforth he was to devote himself to these poor miserable sickening outcasts with superhuman charity. There, as the following letter written to his parents shows us, his only desire was to live and die unknown and unnoticed among his dear lepers.

LETTER XV.

Kalawao, Molokai, March 15, 1876.

My very dear mother and brothers,—Excuse my not having answered your letters of May 10th at once. The reason was, I was expecting every day, although in vain, to hear from Père Pamphile, and besides I was a little annoyed at seeing my last letter printed in the *Annales*. Once for all, let me tell you I do not like that done. I want to be unknown to the world, and now I find, in consequence of the few letters I have written, that I am being talked about on all sides, even in America.

So, my poor mother, I hear that you are burdened with

the care of children again. How are you now, my dear mother? Are you able to walk to church without a stick? and can little Johnnie run alone yet? And does little Pauline go to school every day with Mary? Louise, I suppose, is a grown-up lady now, like my cook's daughter, who is also called Louise. Poor children, to be so early deprived of a mother's care. Happily, your grandmother is still at hand to take charge of you.

You have had a great trial, my dear Gerard. Dorothea's loss must have been a sore grief to you. But what would you have? Almighty God intends to teach you not to attach yourself to the things of this world. Let us remember that it is a place of exile, and that those who die in the Lord are far happier than you or I who are left here below. Sometimes I am inclined to envy my poor sick Christians when I administer the last sacraments to them and bury them.

I am quite satisfied with the arrangements you made with father before his death concerning the farm. I hope everything is going on well. You mentioned something about doing business with the traders out here, but you must not take that idea into your head. You know I could do absolutely nothing in the matter, and who then is to look after your interests? Besides, coffee, &c., is very dear out here, one franc twenty centimes the pound; then there is the expense of freight, and of duty, not to speak of the danger of a long voyage of one hundred or two hundred days by sea. You would only run a risk of ruining yourself. You had better follow contentedly in our dear father's footsteps, and, above all, be a good Christian, for what would it profit you to become rich here and be damned for ever hereafter? But as you have Father Pamphile near you (I am told he is a very successful missionary in Belgium), there is no need for me to preach to you. Let us all strive to serve God as well as we can, each according to his vocation.

And now, dear Léonce, how is the old man of Kruis?¹ It cannot be true that you have grown grey, you who are not yet fifty years old. I do not wonder that your beard is long. I wear one of nearly six months' growth, but it is not grey yet. I was delighted to hear that your son John had made up his mind to go on the foreign missions. May God bless his good resolution, and do you put no obstacle in his way. It is a pity that he is the only son you have living. Four already gone to

¹ Kruis is the name of the village where his brother Léonce lived.

Heaven! I trust they were baptized. If so, how rich you are, my dear brother, and your wife, in possessing so many little angels. Endeavour always to walk in the straight path, and lead your children in it, so that we may all one day meet in Heaven. As for me, I still am leading the same life in my hospital. I have not left it since last July. For six months I have not seen the sun rise or set, so entirely are we shut in by high mountains. In spite of all, I am very happy and very well, in fact, I feel stronger than I ever did before. In my leisure time I cultivate a little piece of ground, to provide food for my chickens, who in their turn provide me with food in the shape of their eggs.

I often say Mass for all members of my family, that God may vouchsafe to bless them, both the living and the dead.

Farewell, dearest mother and brothers. Kind remembrances to Menockel and all my friends. Pray for me.

JEF. DEVEUSTER, Missioner.

LETTER XVI.

V.C.J.S.

Molokai, April, 1877.

My very dear mother and brothers,—At last I have received your long wished for letter, and the sight of my mother's handwriting, together with the good wishes of Gerard, fill me with joy. . . . Do not trouble yourself, my dear mother, about these temporal misfortunes. The more you detach yourself from the cares and good things of earth, the more you will feel that our dear Lord is the real treasure of the faithful. Turn all your thoughts and aspirations to Heaven, and work hard to secure for yourself a place there for ever.

Yesterday evening our good Bishop asked me, "What age is your mother?" I said you were born in 1804. "So then," he replied, "she is the same age as myself. Give her my kindest regards."

This excellent prelate, who retains his powers wonderfully, is really a father to us. On our arrival at Honolulu we were lodged in the palace, and treated like members of the family.

I came here to prepare the necessary materials for the building of two new chapels for Father Andrew, at Molokai. It is he who during my absence discharges my duties among the lepers.

During the winter I worked hard to enlarge my church and build a pretty tower. Manual work is very good for my health,

and I feel well and happy among my unfortunate sick people. These now number over seven hundred, and the Government is ever adding to the number, so that the more we bury the more are sent to us. They are here for the rest of their life. Very rarely indeed is any one sent back. The disease is incurable, and may last from ten to twenty years.

Yesterday I assisted at the burial of our Crown Prince, the brother of the King. Many of our Hawaiian princes die without being converted. . . . Give my kindest regards to the clergy of Tremeloo, to all my friends, and to all the family. Oh, my dear mother and brothers, let us all live as good Christians, with the hope of meeting one day in Heaven. Pray every day for

Your son and brother,

J. D. DEVEUSTER.

LETTER XVII.

V.C.J.S.

Kalawao, Molokai, Sandwich Islands.

My very dear mother, brothers, and friends,—I am glad to hear that God has granted my humble prayers, and continues to bless you day by day. Keep a good heart, my own dear mother, in your old days; the older you become the greater should be your confidence in God. Turn all your desires towards an eternal crown, and do not be too anxious about temporal affairs. . . . Let each one of us, in his own state of life, strive to amass treasures that we can take with us to the next world. Do not wait to write until you have heard from me. You know well enough that often I have no time to write, and after all I have not much to tell that would interest you. . . . Excuse this short letter, it is difficult for me to write in Flemish.¹ My health keeps very good. My work is just the same amongst my lepers. As fast as the old ones die off new ones arrive at the hospital, which thus keeps always full.

LETTER XVIII.

Kalawao, Molokai Hospital, February, 1879.

Beloved mother and dear brothers,—I have long been waiting in vain for news from you; it seems as if you were all dead already, or had completely forgotten me. . . . As for me, I am in the habit of daily paying you a little visit in spirit. I fancy

¹ Towards the end English was his language. Flemish he remembered by the sound, as the orthography is all wrong, but he naturally knew his mother would prefer him to write in language he had learnt at her knee.

I see you, mother, Léonce, and Gérard, at the same work you used to be employed on twenty-five years ago.

My health is still good, thank God ; my work also continues to be the same as ever. I nurse the sick, I instruct them, give them the sacraments, and bury the dead. As fast as some of the sick die, others are sent here, so there are always from seven hundred to eight hundred of them. Last year I built a good presbytery two storeys high. If any of my friends were to come to visit me I should lodge them in the top storey. I am not obliged to trouble myself much about provisions, for the Government is very good to me. I receive my weekly portion as well as the sick, and other necessities are sent me from the mission. Lately another priest came here to help me (Father André Nolandier), he understands medicine.

In the course of last year we administered Baptism to one hundred and ten converts, of whom several have already gone to Heaven. I very seldom leave this place, so I have no news to tell you. Let us place all our hope and centre all our desires in Heaven, so as to prepare for ourselves a permanent home there by a Christian life here below. It is there we shall next meet. What has become of John and the other children ?

Remember me to our relatives and friends. Your affectionate son and brother,

DAMIEN J. DEVEUSTER.

LETTER XIX.

V.C.J.S.

Kalawao, Molokai, January 31, 1880.

My dear brother,—Your kind letter of the 12th of November from Louvain reached me on the 2nd of January. Fancy, I have now been nearly seven years among the lepers ! During that long period I have had the opportunity of closely observing, and as it were touching with my hand, human misery under its most terrible aspect. Half the people are like living corpses, which the worms have already begun to devour, at first internally, afterwards externally, until they make most loathsome wounds which very rarely heal. To form an idea of the effluvia, imagine what the stench of Lazarus' tomb must have been.

The Hawaiian Government still continue to collect and send us fresh lepers as they come across them and as far as their means allow. The sixty-nine thousand piastres appropriated to the maintenance of the lepers for two years are not sufficient

to defray the cost of getting together all that are to be found in the different islands. The number of lepers exiled to Molokai is kept up to between seven and eight hundred. More cannot be taken for want of means.

Since I have been here I have buried from one hundred and ninety to two hundred every year, and still the number of living lepers is always over seven hundred. Last year death carried off an unusually large number of Christians. There are many empty places in the benches in the church, but in the cemetery there is hardly room left to dig the graves. I was quite vexed the other day to find they had begun to dig a grave just by the large cross, in the very spot which I had so long reserved for myself! I had to insist on the place being left vacant. The cemetery, church, and presbytery form one enclosure, thus at night-time I am the sole keeper of this garden of the dead, where my spiritual children lie at rest.

My greatest pleasure is to go there to say my beads, and meditate on that unending happiness—which so many of them are already enjoying—or that endless misery, which is the lot of those who would not obey my voice. There, too, my thoughts dwell on the sufferings of Purgatory. I confess to you, my dear brother, the cemetery and the hospital, where the dying lie, are my best meditation books, as well for the benefit of my own soul as in view of preparing my instructions.

I preach every morning after Mass, and on Sundays at High Mass my children sing beautifully, almost like finished musicians. But recently, in consequence of deaths and of chest-diseases, I have lost all the best voices in my choir. I shall have great difficulty in getting it up again. For some years I have had a little orphanage for leper children, to whom a good widow, not a leper herself, somewhat elderly, acts as matron and cook. Though the houses are at some distance from one another, we have our meals in common. Each of us receives seven pounds of beef every week and twenty-one pounds of a vegetable called "taro," which we consider very nourishing. Besides this we have planted a large field of sweet potatoes, which we keep in the ground in case the ordinary provisions should not reach us in time.

In the leper's quarters is a large shop where clothes and other things may be bought by those who are fortunate enough to have money. From time to time I receive large bundles of clothes for the poor, and for my numerous children. It is owing

to the exertions of the kind Superioress of our Sisters at Honolulu that I am assisted by public charity. During the first years of my ministry here I often received considerable alms through our Procurator in Paris, but not having played the part of a public beggar, the charity of our benefactors over the sea seems to have lost sight of the poor lepers of Molokai. Father Andrew has been nineteen months in the new leper village of Kalaupapa, where the religious movement is still at work. During this time I have had to visit the rest of our island every month. We now have there one large church and four chapels. Two white men, who are Catholics, have sugar manufactories on the island, but it is not yet, however, pervaded by a Catholic spirit.

Returning yesterday evening after an absence of six days, I found one of my children dying. She begged me to bring her the Holy Viaticum without delay, and scarce had she finished her thanksgiving when she gave up her soul to the God whom she had just received. Yesterday I made her coffin myself, and dug her grave. This morning after the Requiem Mass I was apprised of the death of two more members of my flock—so to-day I have three burials! Often I carry Holy Viaticum publicly to the dying, as is done in Catholic countries.

Our Government doctor is due here this evening; it is he who has charge of the hospital. Last year I received from Tonquin, through the kindness of M. Lesserhens, the director of the Seminary for Foreign Missions in Paris, a large quantity of pills specially intended for the treatment of leprosy. The doctor, Father Andrew, and I administered them, and though as yet we have not succeeded in effecting any complete cure, still a marked improvement has been the result. It is the same specific that is mentioned in several articles in the *Catholic Missions*, written by Father Stephens of Trinidad, who has used it for a long time in the lepers' hospital there. It is called Hoàng-nân. We have two schools in the lepers' quarters, the masters of which are Catholics and paid by the Government. The majority of the leper children are Catholics. We meet with very little opposition here on the part of Protestants, who do not trouble themselves much about lepers of their creed. It is quite different in places I visited outside the lepers' quarters. I wish I could get a good priest for them, full of zeal and patience. What are our young countrymen thinking of, that they do not come forward with generous hearts to the

field of battle, and fill the gaps in our ranks which death and old age have made?

Our mission is well established in the Sandwich Isles, but priests are needed. Now is indeed the time to pray the Lord of the harvest to send fresh labourers. Emigrants are arriving in numbers from China, from the Portuguese Islands, from Madeira, and the islands of the South Pacific to inhabit our islands, from which the aboriginal population is gradually disappearing. Believe me, dear brother,

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Hearts,

J. DAMIEN DEVEUSTER,

Missionary Priest.

The following letter is one of the last Father Damien wrote. It is addressed to "Sister Ignatius," an Irish nun in Louvain, who occasionally sent him paintings of the Blessed Virgin, &c.

LETTER XX.

February 4, 1889.

With grateful thanks I endorse all that good Brother Joseph¹ has written to you. Try to find an occasion of speaking to my brother, Father Pamphile, as well as to my nieces. They seem to be treating me as though they were ashamed of my having caught this disease. Whilst tending the lepers I have become a leper myself, and I try to bear as best I can the heavy burden which it has pleased God to lay upon me. Pray for me, and tell Father Pamphile that I expect a letter from him and from my other relatives as soon as possible.

Yours very gratefully,

J. DAMIEN DEVEUSTER.

The following letter was written only about six weeks before his death. The fell disease had taken strong hold of him, and he writes with the subdued and cheerful confidence of one who knows that before long he is going to his eternal reward.

LETTER XXI.

February 12, 1889.

My dear Brother Pamphile,—Considering the nature of the disease from which, by the will of God I am suffering, I abstain

¹ Brother Joseph Dutton, an American convert, who in gratitude for his conversion had gone to tend the lepers.

from writing to you as before, as well as to the rest of my family. Still I am quite happy and contented, and though seriously ill, all I desire is the accomplishment of the holy will of God.

I have with me a priest from Liège, Father Conrady, and Father Wendelin is in another village. Besides these I have here two Brothers, who help me in the care of a hundred orphans who are under my charge. The hospital contains more than a thousand lepers. We have also Sisters here; three Franciscan nurses.

The English—in London—as well Protestants as Catholics, show the greatest sympathy towards myself and the work to which I am devoted.

Kindly remember me to all the Fathers and Brothers of Louvain, to Gerard, Léonce, and all the family. I am still able, but not without some difficulty, to stand every day at the altar, where I do not forget any of you. Do you, in return, pray and get prayers for me, who am being gently drawn towards the grave. May God strengthen me, and give me the grace of perseverance and of a happy death.

Your devoted brother,

DAMIEN DEVEUSTER.

This is his last letter, and it only remains to add a few details of his death in case they should not be already known to our readers.

DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF FATHER DAMIEN (FROM A
LETTER OF FATHER WENDELIN).

On Saturday, the 23rd of March, he was just as usual, going about with his accustomed activity. That was the last time I saw him thus.

From the 28th he never left his room. On that day he arranged his temporal affairs, and when he had signed his papers, he remarked to me: "How happy I am to have given all to Monseigneur! Now I die poor, having nothing of my own."

On Thursday, the 28th of March, he took to his bed, and on Saturday, the 30th, made his preparation for death. It was really edifying to see him, he seemed so happy. When I had heard his general confession, I made my confession to him, after which we together renewed the vows which bind us to the

Congregation. Next day he received the Holy Viaticum. During the day he was bright and cheerful as usual. "Look at my hands," he said, "all the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black—that is a sign of death, as you know very well. Look at my eyes. I have seen so many lepers die, that I cannot be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but the good God is calling me to celebrate Easter with Himself. May God be blessed for it!"

After this he thought only of preparing for death. There was no longer any room for doubt, one could see death was fast approaching.

On April the 2nd, Father Conrady gave him Extreme Unction. "How good God is!" he said to me in the course of the day; "to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side to assist me in my last moments, and then to know that the good Sisters of Charity are at the hospital—that was my *Nunc dimittis*. The work of the lepers is assured, I am no longer necessary then, so before long I shall go up yonder." "When you are there, Father," I asked, "you won't forget those whom you are leaving orphans?" "Oh, no," he said, "if I have any credit with God, I shall intercede for all who are in the *Léproserie*." I begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elias, that I might inherit his great heart. "But what would you do with it?" he asked; "it is all full of leprosy." Then I asked him for his blessing, which he gave me with tears in his eyes. He also blessed the heroic daughters of St. Francis, for whose coming he had so long prayed.

The following days the good Father rallied a little; we even had hopes of keeping him for a time amongst us. The good Sisters often visited him. What I most admired in him was his admirable patience. He who was so ardent, so active, so robust, to be nailed down to his miserable couch, without, however, suffering much. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress, like the poorest leper, and we had great difficulty in making him accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money in relieving the lepers, had forgotten himself so far as not to have even a change of linen, or sheets for his bed.

His attachment to the Congregation was admirable. How often he said to me, "Father, you represent the Congregation here for me, don't you? Let us say the prayers together. How sweet it is to die a child of the Sacred Heart!" Several

times he told me to write to our Very Rev. Father, and tell him that his greatest consolation at this moment was to die a member of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart.

On Saturday, April 13, he was much worse, and all hope of recovery was at an end. Shortly after midnight he received our Lord in Holy Communion for the last time. Soon he was to see Him face to face. From time to time he lost consciousness. When I went to see him he recognized me; and spoke to me, and we took leave of one another, as I had to go to Kalau-papa for the following day, which was Sunday. On the morrow, after the services were over, I returned and found the good Father fairly strong, but his mind was somewhat confused. I could see in his eyes resignation, joy, and contentment, but his lips could no longer articulate the acts which his heart was making. Now and then he would affectionately press my hand. On Monday, April 15, I received a note from Father Conrady, saying that the good Father was in his agony. I hurried off to see him, but on my way another messenger met me, and informed me of his death. He died without a struggle, as if falling asleep. He gently passed away, after having spent more than sixteen years amongst the horrors of leprosy.

The good shepherd has given his life for his sheep. When I arrived he was already dressed in his soutane. All signs of leprosy had disappeared from his face. The wounds in his hands were quite dried. About eleven o'clock we carried him to the church, where he remained exposed till eight the next morning, surrounded by lepers who prayed for their revered Father. On Monday afternoon the good Sisters came to decorate his coffin. They lined the inside with white silk, and covered the outside with black cloth, on which was a white cross. The next day, April 16, I offered the Holy Sacrifice for my beloved *confrère*, after which the funeral procession set out, passing in front of the new church on its way to the cemetery. First came the cross-bearer, then the singers and the members of a Confraternity, then the Sisters with the women and girls, and after them the coffin, borne by eight white men, all of them lepers. Behind the coffin walked the officiating priest, accompanied by Father Conrady and the acolytes, followed by the Brothers with the boys and men.

Father Damien had begun his life at Molokai amidst the greatest privations. He was even obliged to pass his first nights under a large tree. In accordance with the wish he

had expressed to be buried under this same tree, I caused a grave to be prepared during his sickness at the spot indicated. There his body lies, to await its glorious resurrection. It looks towards the altar. The grave is sealed up by means of a thick layer of cement. Therein rest the remains of the good Father Damien, whom the world calls, and calls rightly, the "hero of charity."

PÈRE WENDELIN, SS.CC.

Molokai, April 17, 1889.

P.S.—Several days later a solemn service was held at the Cathedral in Honolulu for our beloved Father who was departed, at which all the principal persons in the island were present. Mgr. Hermann officiated pontifically, assisted by Fathers Clement, Sylvester, and Raymund. Before the Gospel he turned to the immense congregation, and delivered in English and in Canaque a short discourse, in which he dwelt upon the heroic devotion of him whom we all revered.

The Reredos of St. Paul's and the Peril of Idolatry.

THE history of the development of Anglicanism is a curious and interesting study. It follows, we imagine, a regular law, but it is as difficult to trace the incidents of its career as to foretell the various incidents in the history of the individual. The most unforeseen events arise in a direction which seemed at one time impossible. Individuals and corporate bodies within its pale astonish us by action so contrary to the spirit of the Reformation, that we rub our eyes and ask ourselves whether we are not dreaming, and whether it really can be the Church of England by law established which has broken out into these strange inconsistencies.

The new Reredos of St. Paul's is one of these startling phenomena. In the great Protestant Cathedral of the great Protestant city of London there is to be seen a sight at which the Elizabethan Bishops would have stood aghast, and the Elizabethan judges would have condemned those who set it up to the dungeon and the rack. The late decision of the Court of Queen's Bench has given it a prominence which threatens to make it of historic and lasting interest, and has brought out some remarkable points in the English law respecting the ornaments to be allowed in the churches of the religion which at present is by law established, though it does not seem that its establishment is likely to be of very long duration.

The central figure in the Reredos is the carving of our Blessed Lord upon the Cross. We cannot strictly call it a crucifix, for it is not detached, but simply the most prominent figure among many on a large sculpture. At the foot of the Cross are St. John and the Holy Women, and Angels look on adoring. Above the figure of Christ, in a sort of niche, is a statue of our Blessed Lady, and on either side of her the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul. Crowning the Reredos is our

Lord ascending into Heaven. The figures are nearly life-size, and the general effect is most striking and imposing.

The Church Association, which makes it its business to be a sort of vigilance committee to prevent the introduction into Anglican churches of any dangerous innovations in the direction of Popery, have brought an action against the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for setting up images which the law condemns. But the Public Worship Act gives to the Bishop of the diocese in which such alleged illegality exists, the power to stay proceedings if they seem to him vexatious or groundless. In giving him this discretion the law inserts a clause directing him "after considering the whole circumstances of the case to state in writing the reasons for his opinion." This clause is held to destroy his power of absolute veto. Two out of the three Judges who tried the case decided that he must allege sound and sufficient reasons, or else his veto would go for nothing. The third Judge (Baron Pollock) gave to the Bishop a wider discretion, but even he allowed that if the Bishop had omitted the consideration of any circumstance, or if he gave reasons obviously insufficient, as for instance, that all litigation in Church matters was an evil to be avoided, his veto would be nugatory.

It is clear from this decision that the power placed in the Bishop's hands is a very restricted one. It gives him a hearing before the secular court to which the party aggrieved by his veto can appeal, but this is not worth much. It certainly is not worth the expense of the tedious litigation to which he exposes himself by any attempt to stop proceedings. It robs the progressist party in the Church of England of the chief advantage likely to accrue to them from the High Churchmen and Liberal Churchmen who are gradually taking the places of the old Evangelicals and moderate men who formerly occupied the majority of places in the Bench of Bishops. The Church of England is the Church as by law established, and those who introduce any novelties of devotion are made to feel the iron hand of the law, however willing ecclesiastical authorities may be to overlook and to sympathize with their departures from the deeply-rooted Protestantism of the body to which they belong.

In passing sentence respecting the Bishop's veto, the Judges had two questions to decide. The first was this, Was the discretion allowed to the Bishop in staying proceedings conditional or unconditional? All three Judges agreed that it was conditional.

This decision is one of considerable importance as an evidence of the bondage of Anglicanism. It cripples the power of the Bishops to stay vexatious proceedings to a degree which the Anglican High Church papers regard as a new departure and as a fatal precedent. "Whether the judgment of the Queen's Bench be confirmed on appeal, or whether it be set aside for the reasons alleged by Mr. Baron Pollock," says the *Guardian*,¹ "the episcopal veto will no longer be a trustworthy barrier against Ritual prosecutions. That this is an unwelcome prospect most of our readers will admit." It is in fact a step in the direction of a still more complete subserviency on the part of the Establishment to the civil power, a fresh recognition of the absence of any sort of spiritual jurisdiction on the part of her Bishops which may not be set aside by the civil courts. It is, perhaps, a mere matter of detail, though certainly of very significant detail, and is of interest as marking the direction of the stream.

We must continue our examination into the Judges' verdict. After the agreement as to the conditional character of the Bishop's acts, they part company.

Mr. Justice Pollock seems to have thought that the Bishop's reasons for his veto must not be too carefully scrutinized. It must be shown that they were within the proper area of the case: that they were the result of a careful and complete consideration of all the circumstances. But the Bishop must be left to judge for himself as to the reasons which are to guide him, and the respective importance of the various considerations submitted to him.

It is impossible to lay down any rule by which this court can dictate to the Bishop what particular weight he ought to attach to some circumstances of the case rather than to others, or to the consequences to be derived from them. In the present case the reasons of the Bishop appear to be confined to the character of the images objected to; and it is by considering this in connexion with the existing law as laid down in a recent case which deals with the legality of a similar image that he arrives at his conclusion. If upon reading the reasons which he has stated in writing, and giving to them a fair and reasonable construction, I find that he has, after considering the whole circumstances of the case, arrived at an opinion that proceedings should not be taken, I am at a loss to discover any ground upon which I can treat that opinion as a nullity.

¹ June 12, 1889.

But Mr. Justice Manisty regarded the discretionary power of the Bishop as something very different. He touched slightly on the reasons alleged by the Bishop, and pronounced them insufficient, though he held that this was not the point at issue. His opinion was that the Bishop had no right to go into the merits of the legal question, and limited his veto to the case where the proceedings were clearly frivolous or vexatious, and not *bona fide* on the part of the prosecution, and where there was a malicious intent to harass some individual clergyman. But he considered that the Bishop had no right to stay proceedings because he believed that law and precedent were unfavourable to the prosecutors, and still less would he consent to the theory that the Bishop's reasons, if it appeared that they were the result of a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case, were to be accepted whether they approved themselves to the court or not.

The question to be decided was not whether the images were legal or illegal, but whether the Bishop ought to be compelled to allow the proceedings to continue. It seemed to him incredible that the Legislature intended to give every bishop absolute power, without the consent of the parties and without hearing them, to decide a question of law which has not been decided by the Final Court of Appeal. If that were the law, it followed that every bishop might permit any usage, however illegal, to be introduced into every church in his diocese.

The Lord Chief Justice, while he arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. Justice Manisty, did so on different grounds. He thought that the Bishop had a right to go into the legal question, and to decide accordingly, but he regarded the conclusion arrived at as allowing of appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench. His decision therefore went more fully into the merits of the case, and has for us a greater interest than that of the other two Judges. It gives the opinion of one who occupies the highest judicial position of any individual in the land as to the legal status of images, sculptures, crucifixes, and other representations of sacred things in Anglican churches.

In giving his decision Lord Coleridge was careful to guard himself against any condemnation of the crucifix as such. This did not concern the Judges. What they had to consider was whether the presence of the crucifix, of a statue of our Lady, of statues of the saints, &c., was permitted in the temples of the Establishment. Was it compatible with the enactments of English law? and did the previous decisions of English judges

in former cases afford any precedent in the case before them? Dr. Temple had relied on the case of the Exeter reredos as justifying the reredos of St. Paul's. But the central figure at Exeter is that of our Lord ascending into Heaven. The whole structure is plainly set up for purposes of decoration only. The intention in the present case is something quite different. It is of a nature to attract the notice of all who worship in the church, and to give occasion to a sort of worship forbidden by law. We had better quote Lord Coleridge's own words. Speaking of the crucifix or holy rood as it existed before the Reformation, he says :

Wherever it was, assuredly it was not a decoration only, though a decoration it might be, but an object of reverence and devotion ; and an architect of the middle ages would have been indeed surprised if he had been told that the holy rood was only to be a finial, or a corbel, or a capital, a piece of architectural decoration. No one will doubt this who looks even at so common a book as Viollet le Duc's *Dictionary of Architecture*, or any book on Christian iconography. The rood or the crucifix, wherever placed, has been, and has been intended for, an object of worship. . . . If this be not in the ordinary sense of the word a crucifix or rood, and if it be not obviously, at least, liable to abuse, one must distrust the evidence of one's eyes, and unlearn all one's history. . . . Pictures and painted windows are outside the argument. No one ever worshipped a painted window, or a picture, unless it were one of those miracle-working paintings which, so far as I have ever seen them, are in a very different sense of the word miraculous indeed.

It has been objected that the central figure of the reredos is not a crucifix at all, and that the Lord Chief Justice is inaccurate in his description. But the inaccuracy is more verbal than real ; and though in a lawyer we should have expected a special caution in guarding against the objections which were certain to be raised by the High Church party to any little oversight, yet it practically makes little difference as regards superstition whether the sculptured figure is detached from the block of marble out of which it is carved, or not. But it does make a great difference whether it is an individual figure or one of a group, and in the latter case, whether it is the prominent figure to which the rest are subsidiaries, or merely the centre of a historical representation. All turns on this. Is the sculpture, or the reredos of St. Paul's calculated to give occasion to an admiration of a notable event in the world's history, or to stir

up in the spectator the impulse to cry out, My Lord and my God? If the former, it is perfectly allowable, and much to be commended; if the latter, it is illegal, and by the law of England, and its Established religion, utterly to be condemned.

It is worth while to examine a little more closely into this distinction. The reredos either puts before us an important historical scene, or an object of devotion. If it turns our thoughts upon the past, on an event long past but which has left enduring traces to last for ever, well and good. It is perfectly harmless—just as harmless as any other scene of history. No one could object to the Battle of Trafalgar, or the coronation of George the First, or the marriage of Queen Victoria in an Anglican church or minster. No one would justly object to the Nativity or the Last Supper; nay, as a sacred scene it is much more suitable for a reredos. It has been decided in a court of law that the Ascension of our Lord over the communion table is a legal ornament. But if the natural tendency of the reredos is not so much to remind us of the past as to recal to our thoughts one who is indeed absent from us but who still lives to make intercession for us, then we must have none of it. If it in any way stirs our devotion, away with it! If we are inclined not to reflect on the past, but to fall upon our knees and pray to Him whose image is present before our eyes, then it falls under the ban of the English law which regulates Anglican worship. It opens the door to superstitious reverence, it brings the worshipper into the awful peril of idolatry.

This is the reason why the presence of other figures is so necessary and why a large crucifix is more dangerous than a small one. With a number of other figures surrounding the central figure of the Crucified, the sculpture is confessedly historical. There is not the same danger of fixing the thoughts on Him who hangs upon the Cross, while the spectator's eye wanders to St. John and St. Mary Magdalen, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and is healthily distracted from the danger of superstitious worship. Canon Liddon puts this with his usual clearness in his criticism of Lord Coleridge's allusion to the central object of the reredos as a "crucifix."

I submit that this is a misnomer. A crucifix is the figure of our Lord on the Cross detached from the historical circumstances of the Crucifixion, with a view to concentrating devotional attention on itself. This manner of treating the subject was, after discussion, advisedly set aside by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's in favour of the composi-

tion which is actually in the Cathedral, in which, around the figure of our Lord, are grouped statues in relief, not only of St. Mary and St. John, but also of St. Mary Magdalen and the Centurion.

The Dean and Chapter, therefore, confess their desire to avoid any semblance of an intention to concentrate devotional attention on the figure of our Lord. We do not congratulate them on their precautions. But at least no one can accuse them of encouraging idolatry. They guard themselves very carefully against any such suspicion. They do not even go so far as Lord Coleridge, who would gladly welcome the crucifix in our churches if only it were legal, as "a beautiful and touching symbol of the greatest event in the world's history." Not as an object of devotion, be it noted, but simply because the Lord Chief Justice believes that Englishmen would be no more stirred to devotion by the Crucifix than by a painting of the Crucifixion. Here it is worth noticing that by a strange anomaly the Catholic sets up over his altar Christ, and none but Christ, and seeks to concentrate devotional attention on Him, whereas Anglicans, side by side with Christ, deem it necessary for precaution's sake to introduce His holy Mother and the saints of God. The Anglican, in his dread of idolatry or superstitious reverence, puts other figures by the side of the Cross, that so the awful danger of concentrating devotion on Him may be avoided.

The gist of this judgment as interpreting the legal mind of State-supported Anglicanism is quite unmistakable. It tells us as plainly as words can tell that any external symbols which give rise to devotion to Him whom they represent are unlawful in Anglican churches. All the ornaments must be purely and simply decorative. They must be free from any suspicion of being intended to foster in those who behold them any sort of devotion. The decorations of a sacred edifice ought to have a sacred character, just as those of a theatre should be scenic, but we ought not to introduce anything which raises our thoughts to Heaven, and though it is true that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was made Man, yet we must not carve any representation of His Sacred Humanity save as a purely historical personage, lest it encourage superstition. We may have pictures in the church just as we have in our drawing-room. There is no objection to a painted window, because it does not suggest to the beholder to kneel and pray. But any sort of sculpture does, and it is this which is abhorrent to Anglicanism.

Why abhorrent? Because, answers the representative of

the laws respecting the Church of England, it introduces the peril of idolatry. He who kneels before a crucifix is in danger of worshipping the crucifix itself, of paying superstitious reverence to the piece of wood, or stone, or brass which meets his gaze. This is the charge which even in these days of supposed enlightenment educated Anglicans have the face to bring against the Catholic Church, and even those who allow that no trace of superstition or encouragement to idolatry is to be found in Catholic theology, yet rather shabbily and quite gratuitously insinuate that the ignorant cannot draw theological distinctions, and therefore are in danger of lapsing into a sin which can scarcely be committed by educated men. Even the *Spectator* believes that there once existed a superstitious devotion to the crucifix, and defends the reredos on the ground that "the more obvious it is that the figure is not intended to be isolated for purposes of adoration, the less open will the sculptured representation be to the charge that it excites superstitious feelings."

What does the *Spectator* mean by "exciting superstitious feelings?" It must mean idolatry or something very like it, though it uses more courteous language. If by looking at a crucifix, I have superstitious feelings excited in me, they can scarcely be a loving remembrance of Christ our Lord. If there is superstition, it must be that I attribute some virtue to the crucifix itself. I can scarcely, even though I am one of the poor and ignorant, believe that the crucifix is actually Jesus Christ, but perhaps I may believe that there is some virtue inherent in the material sculpture which makes me pay it "superstitious reverence." Such reverence must be paid either to the piece of stone, or to Him who is represented by it; the virtue inherent in it must either be because I imagine Christ to dwell in it, or because of the external relation it has to Him, corresponding to the relation a statue has to one whom it represents, and by reason of which a certain supernatural power flows from our Lord to what is carved in His likeness. This seems, as far as we can understand its misty theology, what the *Spectator* means by superstitious reverence. It is the paying honour to the crucifix by reason of its being an image made in the likeness of our Lord hanging on the Cross. This leads us to the wider question of idolatry. It seems rather late in the day to have to defend ourselves against the charge of being idolaters on account of the honour we pay

to statues and crucifixes. But the reredos of St. Paul's has dragged the question to the front again: if the crucifix is to be removed, it is because the law of England takes certain precautions against the introduction into Anglican worship of what it calls idolatry, or what the more enlightened or less definite *Spectator* calls superstitious reverence, and these precautions are set at nought by the barefaced introduction of a very prominent crucifix into the reredos.

Idolatry is the paying to some material object the honour due to God alone. In its strict and proper sense the image worshipped is regarded by the worshipper as the Deity. This is fetichism pure and simple. It is difficult to believe that any except the most degraded and senseless of mankind really regarded the inanimate lump of clay or wood or metal as the Supreme Governor, or one of the supreme governors of the world, or of a portion of it, or that any intelligent people could possibly be guilty of idolatry in this sense. Yet certainly it was this kind of idolatry which was practised by the nations around Palestine, and into which the Jews themselves fell from time to time. Most of the language of the Old Testament in speaking of idolatry is applicable only to fetichism pure and simple.¹ But the sin of idolatry in the sense in which we ordinarily use the word, consists in paying honour to the material object not so much in itself as because the Deity is supposed to be present in the image, either really or virtually. Either Jupiter himself was regarded as being truly inside the statue in his temple, or else he was believed to transmit such a virtue to the statue that when the worshipper, kneeling before the statue, cried out, *Jupiter, audi me*, the god residing in Olympus, or wherever his habitation was supposed to be, heard the prayer by reason of the virtue transmitted to the image that represented him. Or there is a third alternative, that the worshipper was simply reminded by the statue of the god, and so was stirred to more fervent prayer. This subjective view, however, may be dismissed, as it does not constitute idolatry. If it did, there would be no truth in the charge of honouring the image itself, any more than we honour a photograph which reminds us of a friend we love.

Now of the two other foundations on which rested the practice of worshipping images, it may be thought that the first can scarcely be assigned to Greek or Roman intelligence. If

¹ Cf. Isaiah xliv. 10—19; Baruch vi. 11—72; Wisdom xiii. and xiv.

it was Jupiter himself who was present in his statue, there must be as many Jupiters as there were statues, unless one continual miracle of self-multiplication were always going on.

But in point of fact even the cultivated heathens did not argue so philosophically. In some cases they had good reason to imagine that the god himself was present in the statue. There was really a preternatural being inhabiting it, for we have the general consent of Christians' antiquity that the pagan images were the dwelling-places of devils, who through them and in the character of the deities they represented, deceived their worshippers. It was a part of the gross darkness which enveloped the heathen world that they believed the god himself was present in every image that was made of him, as St. Paul says, "God gave them over to a reprobate sense," so that "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."¹

Yet perhaps in theory and among men like Socrates or Plato or Aristotle, the real basis of their idolatry was rather a belief in a virtual presence of the deity. The idols to which Solomon offered sacrifice in his degenerate old age, the Minerva of the Acropolis, the Jupiter Capitolinus, were possibly in the eyes of the more enlightened, representations of the various gods whose name they bore, invested with some mysterious power to be derived from the god represented, who bestowed upon images certain representative privileges. Just as a lord might bestow upon his ministers the privilege of transmitting to himself all requests made to any of them, so Apollo was supposed to bestow upon all images of Apollo the privilege of transmitting to himself all requests made by those who prayed before the statues representing him.

Now where this was the case, the sin of idolatry consists not in honouring the image, but in honouring through the image a false deity in the place of the true God. Before the invisible God took human shape, it was impossible that any material likeness should attempt to copy Him. Every image was necessarily an image of some rival. There was a contradiction in terms in representing the Infinite God under some form, implying limitation. The union of the finite and the infinite in Jesus Christ is one of those mysteries which human reason would have been inclined to regard as absolutely impossible, unless we had irrefragable proof of the fact. There was not and could not be any temptation present to the mind of a worshipper

¹ Romans i. 28, 22.

of the true God to worship Him under the form of any created thing. The insult implied in an image of God in wood and stone was only possible by a previous degradation of the idea of the Almighty God to some lower conception, and it was this conscious degradation in which the malice of idolatry consisted; just as the malice of Adam's sin was not to be found in the mere eating of the apple, but in the previous contempt of God that the act of eating carried with it.

But when the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity became Man all was changed. It was henceforth the happy privilege of the Christian artist to idealize the human form to a perfection which it had derived, and only could derive, from its actual union with the Deity. We now can adore, and do adore the crucifix, because it really and truly represents our God; but it is a purely relative adoration, where all goes to the Person represented and none to the wood, stone or brass of which the representation is made. The contrast between the old and the new, between the state of things before and since the Incarnation is clearly seen in the absence in devotional art of any representation of God the Father. We say devotional, not religious art, because we often see Him represented in pictures as a venerable old man with a long white beard. But such a representation is only a confession of weakness in artistic device, altogether apart from devotion because of the element of positive misrepresentation contained in it. To carve a statue of the Eternal Father would be utterly abhorrent to Catholic ideas. This is the meaning of St. Paul's words, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is He served with men's hands as though He needed anything."¹ God incarnate *did* dwell in temples made with hands while He was on earth (to say nothing of the Blessed Sacrament), He *was* served with the pious hands of Joseph and Mary and needed their help as a helpless infant. St. Paul throughout his sermon at Athens wisely keeps the Incarnation out of sight, speaking of our Lord only in a passing allusion to the Resurrection and the future Judgment. He knew that first of all the false notions of the Divine Unity must be dispelled, before the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity and of the Incarnation could be implanted. In all heathen countries the Catholic missionary carries the crucifix. If there is danger of idolatry

¹ Act xvii. 24, 25.

in England in the nineteenth century, much greater must it be in pagan lands. According to such a theory the noblest of Catholic apostles, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, Father Damien, are nothing else than sowers broadcast of an idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians. Yet even the most bigoted Protestant would scarcely go so far as this. Practically no person calling himself a Christian really believes that the crucifix tends to encourage idolatry even in the ignorant. At most they would not go beyond the accusation of "superstitious reverence," whatever that may be. Lord Coleridge in stating what he believes to be the law of England on the subject is careful not to identify himself with it, and manifestly considers the charge of idolatry as one of the superstitions of Puritan times.

But nevertheless there must be something in the Catholic's affection for his crucifix which is repugnant to the Anglican mind of the present day, and not only to the Anglican formularies of the past. If the object of a crucifix were simply to remind us of Calvary, it is hard to see why they should object to its prominence in Anglican temples, or why it should not be as frequent in the hands of Anglicans as of Catholics. Here again the *Spectator* is the intelligent exponent of educated Anglicans. It is the "superstitious confidence in the crucifix as a sort of charm" that is the danger, especially in Catholic countries. The peril lies in a crucifix which can be easily isolated and separately adored, and which may be supposed to have a charmed influence of its own. It is this separate adoration, this charmed influence, which is alien to the Protestant mind. The two points of Catholic theology which they misconceive or dislike are "relative worship" and the honour due to certain objects of piety duly blessed by the priests of God. The first of these they call superstitious reverence, and the second a superstitious belief in charms.

When a Catholic kneels before a crucifix he does not do so merely because it reminds him of our Lord hanging on the Cross; a picture well painted does this equally well. Even a man of cultivation is more ready to kneel before an ill-carved and clumsy crucifix than before the most perfect masterpiece of painting. It is not simply that he adores our Lord in Heaven whose image he sees before him; he does really adore the image itself. But he pays

it relative, not absolute worship. When on Good Friday, in what is rightly called the adoration of the Cross, the faithful kneel three times over and finally kiss the sacred feet of the Figure upon it, they literally and truly adore the crucifix itself. But not for its own sake, not as a bit of wood or metal, not as a cross with a figure carved upon it, but because it is a representation of Him whom we love before all and above all. When the mother kisses her absent child's picture, or the letter received from him in some distant land, she does not do so merely because they remind her of him; she kisses them because she prizes them in themselves, though not for themselves. She has for the photograph or the letter a real true affection. But it is a relative, not an absolute affection; it is merely because it is her boy's likeness, or her boy's letter. If the likeness is one of a group, she isolates it with separate affection, and does in its regard exactly what Lord Coleridge tells us Anglicans cannot and may not do with regard to the crucifix, and what the *Spectator* would call superstitious reverence. What does the mother care for her boy's companions or class-fellows? It is that central figure; that is all in all to her. So to Catholics in any carving of the Crucifixion, that central figure is all in all. Not so to Anglicans; this concentrated devotion is to them a thing forbidden. They must be safeguarded by other figures intended to distract their divided attention, and induce them to believe that after all it is only a historical group, a very noteworthy scene in the world's history and not in any way an object of devotion or superstitious reverence.

There is a second reason why the Catholic honours the crucifix, whether it be the crucifix hanging on the altar, or the little crucifix which he kisses each time he says his Rosary. It is because it is blessed by one of God's consecrated ministers. This gives it to him an additional value. To a Catholic anything thus blessed is an object of reverence. To treat it with indignity would be a sort of sacrilege. He believes that it carries a blessing with it, that it conveys to him who devoutly uses it certain privileges and benefits. This effect of priestly benediction is recognized in all the prayers of the Church. The authorized formulas of blessing attach to the object blessed a power to chase away evil influences, and to stir up devotion in him who uses them. Every good Catholic will bring a new crucifix or rosary to be blessed as a matter of course, and knows that this

blessing is no mere form but a reality. If this is superstition, it is a superstition not, as Protestants fancy, limited to poor ignorant Catholics. It is universal, and is thoroughly recognized and taught by Catholic theology. It is a part of the gifts vouchsafed by our Lord to His Apostles. He gave St. Paul such power in an extraordinary degree, and the result was as we read in the Acts of the Apostles,¹ "There were brought from his body to the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the wicked spirits went out of them!" There was charm-working with a vengeance! What virtue was there in these handkerchiefs, that they not only inspired in those to whom they were brought "superstitious confidence," but healed their diseases and cured them of their vices. So a crucifix duly blessed is, like every other sacred object, endued with a certain power to act as a channel of grace to him who piously wears it or devoutly adores it. We thus do really honour the crucifix itself as partaking in some measure of the sanctity which the Son of God when He became Man imparted even to things material. We do not believe in "charms,"² but we do believe that there are things in themselves, mere ordinary material objects, to which the power of God gives an instrumental virtue to convey to men certain supernatural gifts.

But we are wandering away from our immediate subject of the reredos. We must return to it for a moment to say a word on Lord Coleridge's allusion to the figure of our Blessed Lady in a niche immediately over the central figure of our Lord in the reredos. The Lord Chief Justice introduces it as obvious to the same objection of being not simply decorative but promotive of superstitious reverence, as the crucifix itself. He says:

In the second paragraph of the representation complaint is made of the erection of an image of the Blessed Virgin, 5ft. 6in. high, and with the Holy Child in her arms. This figure is crowned, and is of the size of life. It is no part of my duty to say a word upon the propriety of the position of this image, still less on the religious questions connected with the office and worship of the Blessed Virgin; but certainly, when one remembers the feelings and controversies of but a few years ago, to find the Bishop of London treating as a matter of no importance whether it is lawful to erect a statue of the Madonna, robed and crowned as Queen of Heaven,³ *Regina Cali*, 5ft. 6in. high, over the altar

¹ Acts xix. 12.

² "Charms and such like fooleries." (Catechism.)

³ It is curious that there is a statue of our Lady crowned over the porch of St. Mary's in High Street, Oxford, put up by Laud.

at the east end of the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul's, is a proof, if of nothing else, of the fact that human affairs never continue in one state. I suppose it is to be classed with other so-called "architectural decorations," and, if so, what I have said upon that subject must be taken to include what I have to say as to this statue.

We quite agree with his lordship that the idea of this statue being intended for nothing more than architectural decoration is an absurd one. But on the other hand, can we say that it is intended to attract the reverence or to stir the devotion of the worshippers of St. Paul's? We do not suppose many even of High Churchmen would assert this. Certainly the Dean and Chapter are careful to guard themselves against "superstitious reverence," and through Canon Liddon as their spokesman protest that our Lady is only there because she was the Mother of our Lord, and that Lord Coleridge is inaccurate in saying that she is crowned as Queen of Heaven.

The Chief Justice [says Canon Liddon in a letter to *The Times*] speaks of "a statue of a Madonna, robed and crowned as Queen of Heaven, *Regina Cali*." Upon this I would observe that the figure of the Blessed Virgin, with our Saviour in her arms, does, as a matter of fact, wear no crown of any kind whatever; that she occupies the position assigned to her in the reredos, not on her own account, but on that of her Divine Son; and that every member of the Chapter would consider the application to her of the title *Regina Cali* to be, for obvious reasons, entirely unwarrantable. But she is, after all, the Mother of our Lord, and her statue may surely be placed in a Christian church with at least as much propriety as those of His Apostles.

"She is, after all, the Mother of our Lord!" What is the meaning of these apologetic words, *after all*? It seems to say "We, the Dean and Chapter, are anxious that every one should understand that we have no wish to honour her for her own sake. We have placed her there in the reredos merely on account of the connection she happens to have with the chief figure in it. We declare the title Queen of Heaven to be entirely unwarrantable and we wish it to be understood that we do not regard her as a person of very special importance. Indeed, we apologize for giving her such a position. But she is, *after all*, the Mother of our Lord, and so we hope the public will not object to her presence."

It certainly is strange that Lord Coleridge should make a mistake respecting the crowning of our Lady. Possibly the explanation is to be found in the fact (if it is a fact)

recorded in the *Rock*, "that the gas jets behind her head are so arranged as to form a sort of corona of light behind her head." It may be that Lord Coleridge visited St. Paul's, and examined the reredos on some evening when it was lighted up, and was not altogether wrong in attributing it to a "corona" which seemed to proclaim her sovereignty in Heaven.

To us as Catholics the whole story suggests several interesting considerations.

1. It loudly proclaims the completeness of the bondage of Anglicanism to State control and the purely provisional nature of the Episcopal power of Anglican Bishops. They cannot even stop the ordinary layman from invoking the secular courts to prevent changes which clergy approve and Bishops sanction. It is the Queen, and not any ecclesiastical authority, who ultimately decides what architectural designs are to be allowed, and what are not.

2. It also proclaims the iconoclastic character of Anglicanism as a religion. It reasserts the extraordinary and rather stupid accusation of idolatry against those who pay honour to any material representation of our Lord or of His saints. In the present day it veils the ugly name of idolatry under the more respectable phrase of "superstitious reverence," but there is not really any great difference between the two.

3. It has also drawn from one of the most prominent leaders of the "Catholic" party in the Church of England, a very marked disclaimer of our Lady's place of honour in Heaven, and an expression which, by disparaging her, dishonours her Divine Son. "Every member of the Chapter (of St. Paul's) would consider that the application to her of the title *Regina Cali*, to be, for obvious reasons, entirely unwarrantable, but she is, after all, the Mother of our Lord." What these obvious reasons are Canon Liddon does not say—whatever they may be, we will hope that through God's great mercy, he and the whole Chapter may one day have the happiness of humbly retracting them before her feet in Heaven.

Giordano Bruno.

ONE of the four great marks characteristic of the true Church of Jesus Christ, is, as we are taught in our catechism, the eminent holiness of so many thousands of her children. And so it is her delight to pay honour to her saints, to raise noble churches to their names, and to deck her sanctuaries with their pictures and statues. Their festival-days are kept as days of high rejoicing, their hymns are sung, and their virtues extolled. The characteristic marks of any organization, human or Divine, are to be sought for in the lives of those who are the subjects of its praise and reverence. The Church honours holiness, the Church therefore is holy. But what of the enemies of the Church, the atheists and free-thinkers of our day? Whom do they deem worthy of honour?

Not the saints of God, that "goes without saying;" not the heroes of humanity, not those whose lives have been eminent for natural virtues, and for devoting themselves to lives of self-sacrifice for the benefit of their kind: but those who have broken their faith and set at naught their solemn vows—those who have raised the standard of rebellion against authority, those who have ranged themselves among the foes of all that is pure and honourable and of good report.

One of the greatest saints of this latter-day religion, this modern cult of free-thought, is the apostate monk Giordano Bruno. And so on Whit Sunday last his votaries raised a statue in his honour, and assembled an immense congregation of thirty thousand souls to listen to the panegyric of his virtues as delivered by the Radical Deputy, Signor Bovio. Rome, the Capital of the Catholic world, was the place selected for the ceremony, and the day the great Christian feast of Pentecost. But first a word as to the rites by which this new religion of free-thought was inaugurated, for, according to the speech of the orator, that day "was the beginning of a new religion, which

placed liberty of conscience and free-thought above all things."¹ As usual a procession was formed, bearing some fifteen hundred banners and flags, conspicuous among which were the red and black flags of the revolutionists and disturbers of public order. The former was without device or motto, but the latter bore upon it the head of a devil with the words *Circolo Antidericale* emblazoned in silver letters beneath.² And be it noted that the devil seems to be especially the object of veneration among these misguided men, for the official organ of the new religion bears the title of "Satana."³ No wonder then that the route of the procession was guarded by the garrison of Rome, strengthened by three extra regiments of soldiers to prevent disorder and riot. The devout worshippers at the shrines of our Lady and the saints need no such military display to prevent breaches of the law of the land. Starting from the Piazza di Termini, the procession wended its way down the Via Nazionale and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, past the palace of the Austrian Ambassador, which it was found necessary to guard by carabinieri and a whole regiment of infantry, because forsooth the Minister of Instruction of that Empire had stringently forbidden any Austrian student to take part in the impious rites. Arrived in the Campo di Fiori the different societies were received by the Syndic and some representatives of the municipality, the Chamber, and the Senate, the Government taking no official part in the demonstration, as it is believed, under pressure from Berlin, for the students of that university had utterly ignored the invitation to be present. Amidst cries of "Viva Giordano Bruno" and the playing of revolutionary hymns by the bands, the veil was removed from the statue. Then Signor Bovio delivered his oration, filled with insults to the Sovereign Pontiff. For according to the speaker, the 20th of September had been the day for the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope, but this day they dealt a blow at his Spiritual Sovereignty. After this speech the procession proceeded to the Capitol to place a wreath on Garibaldi's bust, and to hear yet another oration. The usual banquet took place in the evening, the statue was illuminated, and the night was passed in revelry, and worse—for

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, June 10, 1889.

² *Tablet*, June 15, 1889.

³ The *Daily Telegraph* of the 10th of June seems to be especially shocked because the Giordano Bruno Committee were described in a clerical circular as "bands of miscreants bearing the black livery of Satan." The facts stated in the text being true, the appellation was a just one.

at some of the theatres an infamous play of Bruno's called *El Candelajo*, and written during his residence in London (1583-86), was put upon the boards. So foul and full of obscenities is this play that the Questor only gave his permission for its performance on the condition "that none but adults should be present, and that ladies were requested to come veiled." So at least ran the notice on the posters.¹ Such then in brief were the ceremonies by which was inaugurated the cult of this "pure and noble spirit."² What a contrast to the manner in which the Church is wont to celebrate the feasts of her saints and blessed ones!

The motive of such a display is not far to seek. Hatred, bitter, implacable hatred of the Church of Christ and of His Vicar upon earth, was the moving idea of these men. For why else is the statue placed in Rome, why else was its unveiling celebrated on a great Christian festival? As we are told in the circular of the directing Commission of the Brotherhood of Italian Working Men's Associations, the erection of the monument is not to be regarded "as a mere barren and isolated act of homage to liberty of conscience, but as the beginning of a new period of agitation, which shall rouse the popular classes; which shall not trust to the doubtful and feigned support of Governments; which will not forget that there still exist odious laws that protect the common enemy, and grant him, not merely liberty, but privileges at the expense of the popular freedom and civilization itself; which will oppose new and fruitful ideas to the old rigid and arid dogmas, which will overthrow the greatest obstacle to progress, and the greatest outrage on the nation."³ And as *The Times*⁴ points out in language almost equally painful to the feelings of Catholic Englishmen, it is not as the philosopher or brilliant wit that Bruno is honoured, but "because he has been acclaimed for the past year and a quarter, not as an audacious thinker, but as a sacrifice to the ferocity of a Sovereign Church, and to its venomous hatred of intellectual liberty." Were any further proof of the spirit which animates the disciples of Bruno demanded, we need only point to the insulting sonnet of Swinburne, recently published in that usually so respectable a literary journal, the *Athenæum*.⁵ No

¹ *Tablet*, June 15, 1889.

² *The Times*, June 11, 1889.

³ *Tablet*, loc. cit.

⁴ *The Times*, loc. cit.

⁵ *The Athenæum*, June 15, 1889. The lines are too bad to quote. We are not surprised at Mr. Swinburne having written them. They are what we should have expected of a man like him, but we are very much surprised that the *Athenæum* should have inserted anything so disgraceful.

wonder then that our Sovereign Lord Pope Leo the Thirteenth feels the insult deeply, as witness his burning words spoken in the Allocution of the 24th of May last: "Such a pitch has now been reached, that in this city, before Our very eyes, wicked men have been suffered to inflict a lasting insult on the religion of Christ by raising a statue—an honour due only to virtue—to an apostate." And yet we are told of the liberty that had been guaranteed to the Holy Father.

But who is this latter-day saint whom we are invited to honour, this "martyr,"¹ this "pure and brave being,"² this "most genial and interesting of the Italian philosophers of the renaissance?"³ The following pages will show.

All that is known of his history has been given to the world in the work of Signor Domenico Berti, published in 1868,⁴ a writer whom no one would accuse of Ultramontane tendencies. The value of the book lies chiefly in this, that it contains a reproduction of the actual text of the interrogatories addressed to Bruno by the Inquisition of Venice in 1592. In his answers Bruno recounts the story of his life. The eminent historian and Bollandist, Father de Smedt, in his crushing reply to Draper's infidel work, *The Conflict between Religion and Science*, published in the first number of the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, has made use of these documents to give the true history of Giordano Bruno.⁵ We cannot do better than follow him as our guide.

Bruno was born at Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1548, and at the age of fifteen years he entered the Order of St. Dominic, in which he made his profession in 1564, and was ordained priest in 1572. Hardly had he taken his vows when he commenced to give signs of that free-thinking which has made him so great a hero with the atheists of our own day. He was accordingly denounced by his Master of Novices, but succeeded in weathering the storm. But after his priesthood, both by word and writing, he gave free rein to his heretical opinions, denying the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity, such as those of the Trinity and the Incarnation. Denounced

¹ Maurice, *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 188; Draper, *Conflict between Religion and Science*, 19th edition, p. 180.

² *The Times*, loc. cit.

³ *Encyc. Britt.* 9th edition, vol. ix. p. 400.

⁴ *Vita di Giordano Bruno da Nola*. Scritta da Domenico Berti. Firenze, Torino, Milano, 1868.

⁵ "L'Eglise et la Science," *Revue des Quest. Scientif.* 1877, p. 123.

a second time, a process was commenced against him by order of his Provincial, before the Holy Office. Thereupon Bruno fled secretly from his convent, and took refuge with his religious brethren in the Convent of the Minerva in Rome. Feeling, however, that he was insecure, he quitted Rome for Genoa about the middle of the year 1576, throwing off his religious habit. During this same year he wandered from Genoa to Noli, where he taught grammar for five months; thence to Savona, Turin, and Venice, in which place he rested for a month and a half. Quitting Venice, he visited in succession Padua, Brescia, and Bergamo. At this latter town he resumed the religious habit for some few weeks. Thence he turned to Milan, revisited Turin, and at last, at the end of the year, presented himself at a convent of his Order at Chambery. But being received with great coldness by the French Dominicans, he left for Geneva, the hot-bed of Calvinism, where he finally laid aside the habit of a Friar Preacher. However, his reception among the disciples of Beza was not more cordial than that accorded to him by his religious brethren; and after a short sojourn in this city, we again find him a wanderer on the face of the earth. He passed into France. Visiting Lyons on his way, he finally took up his abode at the university town of Toulouse. Here at first he gave private lessons in philosophy, became a Doctor of the University, and, after a public disputation in which he overcame two of his rivals, was advanced to the chair of philosophy as a professor in ordinary. This chair he held for two years, at the end of which time, that is, at the beginning of the year 1579, he left Toulouse for Paris. Here, after a year spent in retirement, he came forth as a free professor, his degree of Doctor of Toulouse giving him the right to lecture publicly in the schools of the metropolitan University.

In his teaching he posed as an exponent of the doctrines of Raymund Lully, the author of the *Art of Invention*. Yet his brilliancy and wit drew upon him the plaudits of the lights of the University, and he was offered the post of an ordinary professor by the Sorbonne. This office he refused on the score that he would be obliged to assist at Mass, and knowing that he had incurred the sentence of excommunication as a fugitive from religion, he wished not to add the guilt of sacrilege to his other sins. However, we may be permitted to express some doubt as to this professed motive for his refusal, in the light of his writings published at this epoch, which are

marked by an expressed disdain for all religion. At length his reputation became so great that King Henry the Third wished to see him, held long consultations with him, and conferred upon him the title of Extraordinary Professor, a post which did not carry with it the obligation of attendance at any religious service. It was about this time that Bruno published his book, *De Umbris Idearum*—a work teeming with rationalistic and pantheistic doctrines.

In the winter of 1583 Bruno crossed over to England, being received in London with great cordiality by the Ambassador of France, Michel de Castelnau, who attached him to his suite as one of the gentlemen of his household, and accorded him full permission to receive strangers and discuss philosophical matters with them. He had not been on our soil very long before he demanded and received permission to lecture publicly in the University of Oxford. In the letter to the Vice-Chancellor in which his request is contained, he thus describes himself: "The God-loving Giordano Bruno of Nola, Doctor in Theology of the operose kind, Professor of a purer and harmless wisdom; known in the chief academies of Europe, a well-approved and much-honoured Philosopher, nowhere a stranger but amongst the barbarous and the base, the awakener of slumbering souls, the tamer of self-confident and recalcitrant ignorance, who in all his acts makes profession of philanthropy, whom the propagators of folly and puny hypocrites abhor, whom the good and the studious love, and those of nobler mind applaud—to the most excellent and renowned Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford and the principal members of the same—greeting."¹

However, his course was but of short duration, for at the end of three months he succeeded in so shocking and disgusting the authorities with the novelty of his opinions with regard to the immortality of the soul, that he was forced to quit the University. A specimen of his views may not be out of place in this connection. Holding that there is no specific or generic difference between the soul of man and those of the lowest forms of the animal and vegetable worlds, he concludes, "that if it were possible to find, or if we actually found a serpent whose members had undergone so complete a change that the head presented the features of the human form, that the bust assumed the proportions which the growth of certain species is capable of, that the tongue became enlarged, and the

¹ *Revue*, p. 126; Berti, p. 167.

shoulders developed so as afterwards to branch out into arms and hands, and that in fine at the place where the tail commences its body had divided so as to present the appearance of legs; this serpent would by the same change possess intelligence, life, speech, and the actions which are proper to men. In the same manner a man would assume the instincts and the mode of action of a serpent, should his members become so deformed as to give to his body the appearance of a reptile. From whence you may understand that many animals may possess a penetration and a keenness of intellect much superior to that of man, and that it is only the default of proper organs which places it in a lower order."¹ While in England he was for some time the guest of Fulke Greville, at whose house he met Sydney, Walsingham, Leicester, and other celebrities of the period. The French Ambassador also presented him to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was received with marks of the most flattering distinction. However, according to his writings, he could find nothing to praise in England except the women, and he looks upon all classes of the populace as utter barbarians and savages.

To avenge himself for the slight put upon him at Oxford, he describes the undergraduates as a beer-drinking set, while the professors he holds up to ridicule as pedants and stupid.² It was in England that Bruno wrote the most important of all his works, those which most clearly set forth the principles of his system, if indeed it be possible to extract any clear ideas from such a chaotic jumble of pantheism and mysticism. These works are *La Cena de le Ceneri*, or "An Ash Wednesday Feast," a series of five dialogues, of which the scene is laid in the house of Greville, and in which the eminently pantheistic doctrine of the *anima mundi*, or soul of the world, which is not to be distinguished from God, is insisted upon;³ the treatise, *Della Causa, Principio, ed Uno*; the dialogues *De l'Infinito Universo e Mondi*; and the *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*. According to Professor Adamson,⁴ this last allegory contains the very pith and marrow of his philosophy. In the first dialogue of this work, under the pretence of attacking the heathen mythology, a direct assault is delivered on the Christian religion. To quote the Professor, "Mingled with his allegorical philo-

¹ *Revue*, p. 122; Berti, pp. 168, 169.

² Maurice, loc. cit. p. 168. ³ Maurice, loc. cit. p. 173.

⁴ *Encyc. Britt.* Ed. 9. vol. iv. pp. 400, 401.

sophy are the most vehement attacks on the established religion. The monks are stigmatized as pedants who would destroy the joy of life on earth, who are avaricious, dissolute, and the breeders of eternal dissensions and squabbles. The mysteries of faith are scoffed at. The Jewish records are put on a level with the Greek myths, and miracles are laughed at as magical tricks. Through all this runs the chain of thought resulting naturally from Bruno's fundamental principles, and familiar in modern philosophy as Spinozism, the denial of particular providence, the doctrine of the uselessness of prayer, the identification, in a sense, of liberty and necessity, and the peculiar definition of good and evil."

Upon the return of Castelnau to France in 1585, Bruno visited Paris, where he was cordially received by the French monarch. After this, his restless spirit led him into Germany. His first stopping-place was at Marburg. Here the Rector of the University refused him permission to open a course of lectures. Thence he turned his steps to Wittenberg, where he remained from August, 1586, to March, 1588, spending the time in lecturing and writing. In a valedictory address to the citizens, he paid a high tribute of praise to a brother apostate monk, the infamous Martin Luther. From Wittenberg, he went to Prague, the University of Huss. The Emperor Rudolph the Second, the patron of the celebrated Kepler, presented him at this time with a gift of three hundred thalers. From Prague, he passed, after a sojourn of six or seven months, to Helmstadt, where he pronounced, on July the 10th, the funeral oration of the Duke of Brunswick, and became the tutor of his son. But here again this "most genial philosopher" stirred up jealousy and ill-feeling, and being excommunicated by the chief pastor of the Evangelical clergy of the town, he turned his steps to Frankfort. At Frankfort he remained till 1591, with the exception of two months which he spent in giving lectures at Zurich. Having followed him thus far in his journeyings, it may be well, before giving an account of his seizure at Venice by the officers of the Inquisition, to introduce the history of Bruno's wanderings as told by Draper in his *Conflict between Religion and Science*, that our readers may judge of the sort of writing which is accepted as history by the public of to-day, and which finds its way, in a diluted form, into our ephemeral literature. Here is the account, which at least has the merit of brevity. "Originally, Bruno was

intended for the Church. He had become a Dominican, but was led into doubt by his meditations on the subject of Transubstantiation and the Immaculate Conception. Not caring to conceal his opinions, he soon fell under the censure of the spiritual authorities, and found it necessary to seek refuge successively in Switzerland, France, England, and Germany."¹ As our readers will have seen for themselves, the only necessity which drove Bruno to wander over the face of Europe, was his restless spirit, and his desire for renown and praise. But to resume our quotation from Draper: "The cold-scented sleuthhounds of the Inquisition followed his track remorselessly, and eventually hunted him back to Italy." As we shall see, there was no question of hunting at all, even had such a course been possible in towns like Geneva, the home of Calvinism, Wittenberg of Lutheranism, and Prague of Hussism, not to mention our Protestant London. We shall have occasion yet again to call attention to the fallacies of Draper. But to take up the thread of our narrative.

Bruno had been at Frankfort-on-the-Maine some six months only, when he received a pressing invitation to repair to Venice. The invitation came from a young patrician named John Mocenigo, who had been fascinated by the writings of the Nolan philosopher, and who wished to be inducted by the master himself into the mysteries of his system. Although Bruno must have been fully aware of the vigilance of the Venetian Inquisitors, yet he had the hardihood to accept the invitation, and leaving Frankfort in March, 1591, he took up his abode with Mocenigo in the following June. As hitherto, so now in Venice, his brilliancy of speech attracted a crowd of disciples to listen to his discourses, and at the palace of the patrician Morosini he met the lights and leaders of Venetian society. During this period also he made several excursions to Padua, in spite of the severity of its laws against apostates and heretics. However, his career as the knight-errant of philosophy was soon to be brought to a close. His relations with his pupil Mocenigo became very strained, whether because Bruno was dissatisfied with his progress, or because the pupil was filled with disgust and horror when the true nature of the doctrines of the master were unfolded to his view. Be that as it may, he denounced him to the Inquisition on May 23, 1592, "in obedi-

¹ *The Conflict between Religion and Science.* By John William Draper, 19th Edition, p. 178.

ence to the dictates of his conscience, and by order of his confessor." But for some time Bruno had felt the approach of the storm, and two days previous to his arrest he had announced to his host his intention of quitting the place. Mocenigo, however, determined to possess himself of his person, and on the 22nd of May, he made his way into his chamber with a servant and five or six gondoliers, who detained him until the arrival of the officers of the Inquisition. On the 23rd of May, during the night, he was lodged in the special prison of the Holy Office. What says Draper? "He was arrested in Venice, and confined in the Piombi for six years, without books, or papers, or friends."¹ As we have seen, he was not confined in the prison of the Piombi; as we shall see, he was only detained in Venice for a period of between seven and eight months, and moreover he was enabled to send to his judges in writing a list of his works, which at least proves that he was not without pens and paper.

On the 26th of May the sittings of the Venetian Inquisitors began, the ecclesiastical judges being Taberna the Apostolic Nuncio, the Patriarch Friuli, and the Inquisitor de Saluzzo the Dominican, with the three lay-assessors, Foscari, Barbarigo, and Morosini. On this day the letter of Mocenigo was acknowledged, and the booksellers Ciotto and Bertano, friends of Bruno, were summoned before the court to be examined. Bruno himself was interrogated for the first time on the 29th of May, he was also examined on May the 30th, on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of June, and finally on the 30th of July. But the Roman Inquisition, hearing of the apostate's arrest, demanded his extradition on the ground that he was a Neapolitan subject, and also because proceedings had been already commenced against him, before he had abandoned the religious habit. At first the Senate was indisposed to yield to this request, but finally on January 7, 1593, a favourable answer was returned to the Venetian Ambassador at Rome, and in a despatch of the same, dated the 16th of January, the thanks of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement the Eighth, are conveyed to the Venetian Government.

But before we follow Bruno to Rome, it will be well to gauge the spirit of this "martyr" by a few extracts from his interrogations before the Venetian Inquisitors. For a man is not a "martyr" who, when accused of such crimes as

¹ Loc cit.

apostacy, heresy, and blasphemy, would avoid the punishment which is their due, by humble submission and penance. Were a murderer, when condemned to death by a jury of his fellow-countrymen, to fall on his knees before the judge, and humbly begging pardon for his crime, ask for a remission of the death-sentence, such a one would not be deserving of the name of martyr because his prayers remained unheeded. But Giordano Bruno was guilty in the eyes of the Church of far greater crimes than even the murdering of a man's body, for by his writings and his lectures he had murdered, or endeavoured to murder, countless souls redeemed by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, he had virulently attacked all established religion, and he was steeped in the most odious pantheism. Let us transport ourselves to the court of the Holy Office as held at Venice on July 30, 1592, and hearken to the words of this doughty champion and martyr of free-thought. "It may be," he says, "that during so long a space of time, I have wandered and strayed from holy Church in yet other ways than those which I have exposed, and that I find myself under the ban of yet other censures. Nevertheless, for the moment I cannot call to mind any other, although I have given much thought to the matter. Be that as it may, I renew with all my heart the avowal of my waywardness, and I here deliver myself into your hands, most illustrious signors, to receive that remedy which is most salutary for the salvation of my soul. Never shall I be able to find words which adequately express all the repentance which I feel in my heart." And then throwing himself upon his knees, he proceeds in this strain: "I humbly ask pardon of God, and of you, most illustrious signors, for all the errors into which I have fallen, and I am ready to undertake with eagerness whatever their prudence shall judge most expedient for the good of my soul. Moreover, I humbly beseech them to inflict upon me a chastisement of exceeding rigour for myself, rather than to come to any public act which should reflect any discredit to the holy religious habit which I have borne. And if God's mercy, and yours, most illustrious signors, should deign to preserve my life, I promise an entire reformation of character, in such a manner as to give as much edification as hitherto I have given scandal."¹ That is, he was ready to do anything rather than lose life and honour. How different the conduct

¹ *Revue*, p. 137; Berti, p. 263.

of those holy Martyrs, Maine, Campion, and Southwell, who about the same time, in this England of ours, gave up life, honour, and all that the world esteems most precious, and died the death of traitors after horrible tortures, rather than deny the faith they professed. But with Bruno as with Cranmer, life and honour were to be preferred before all other things, and they were both prepared to recant as soon as either one or the other were endangered.

We have now concluded what is certain of the history of Giordano Bruno, all that remains to tell is founded upon a letter written by Gaspar Scioppius¹ to Conrad of Rittershausen, dated February 17, 1600, and which according to Berti was first published in 1621 at Saragossa in a very rare work.² This letter is so filled with errors that its authenticity has been called into question, not only by Berti, but also by other historians. In this letter he records, that on the very day on which it is dated, Giordano Bruno was burnt alive in the Campo di Fiori, and he adds some details with regard to the life of the apostate. The same fact is mentioned in another work of this same Scioppius edited in 1611. Also in a letter of Kepler's, written in 1608 in reply to an express question of Doctor Breugger, we read, "I have learnt from Wacherius that Bruno was burnt at Rome, and that he bore his torments with constancy, holding that all religions are vain, and that God is identical with the world, the circle, and the point."³ This is absolutely all the contemporary evidence that the industry of historians has been able to gather together. Yet it seems a strange and inexplicable fact that this burning of Bruno, the brilliant philosopher and wit, should have been so ignored by the heretical writers of the day, ready and keen as they were to find any matter with which to reproach the Catholic Church. Again the burning is placed in the Jubilee year, when Rome would have been filled with pilgrims who had come to visit the churches and gain the Plenary Indulgence. How is it that we find such a conspiracy of silence about this remarkable event? And yet Draper is not only quite certain that he was burnt, but tells us that "the special charge against him" was, "that he had taught the plurality of worlds, a doctrine repugnant to the whole tenor of Scripture and inimical to revealed religion, especially as regards

¹ His real name was Schopp, but he changed it to accommodate it to Italian pronunciation.

² *Revue*, p. 133; Berti, p. 397.

³ Joannis Kepleri, *Astronomi Opera Omnia*. Edidit Krisch, vol. ii. p. 592.

the plan of salvation."¹ How could he know this seeing that when Berti asked permission to have communicated to him the documents relative to Bruno's process which might be contained in the Vatican archives, he received the courteous answer, "that after a long and minute search in the archives of the Holy Office, there had been found the evidence of a process commenced in the time of Bruno, but without finding any information as to the nature of the sentence pronounced against him. Much more was it impossible to furnish any evidence as to the execution of a sentence." Moreover, it had been remarked by the one "who was charged to examine with the greatest care these volumes which had been set aside, that in certain portions of these documents the ink had been obliterated in such a manner that several leaves presented only a dark tint as the sole trace of what should have been formerly written there."² Moreover, Scioppius, the sole witness to the fact of Bruno's so-called martyrdom, gives no indication as to the preamble of the sentence of the Inquisition. It is true that he states that Bruno taught "that the worlds are infinite in number and eternal," which is not the same thing as saying that the chief count in his indictment was the fact that he had taught the plurality of worlds, as Draper would have us believe. He also sets forth some other points of the doctrine of the apostate monk, which Draper finds it convenient not to mention, as for instance, "that souls pass from one body into another, and even from one world to another; that magic is allowable and a good thing; that the Holy Spirit is nothing else but the soul of the world; that the miracles of Moses were performed by magic, in which art he was more expert than the Egyptians; that he himself drew up his laws; that the holy books are nought but fancy; that the devils will be saved; that only the Hebrews are descended from Adam and Eve, and other men from a couple created before their time; that Jesus Christ was not God, but a very clever magician who deceived men and deserved to be hanged; that it was all a myth to believe that He was crucified; that the Prophets and Apostles were wicked men and magicians, and that the greater number of them ended their days on the gallows; in fine, concludes Scioppius, "it is impossible to enumerate all the monstrous doctrines which he has taught by

¹ Loc. cit. pp. 179, 180.

² *Revue*, p. 133, note; Berti, Introduction, p. 7.

writing and by word of mouth."¹ If then we must accept the authority of Scioppius as to the fact of Bruno's being burnt, surely we are equally bound to accept this statement of his doctrines, especially as it tallies with the extracts which we have before presented to our readers. With such doctrines is it to be wondered at that Giordano Bruno was brought to the stake? Even in our days when tolerance is carried to its utmost limits he might well either have been punished by the law of the land as a blasphemer, or shut up in a mad-house. But he lived in an age when severe penalties were enacted for even comparatively slight crimes, when here in England death was the punishment for the theft of a horse or a sheep. Therefore if the accounts of his teaching be true, ought it to be thrown in the face of the Catholic Church as a subject of reproach, that she burnt at the stake an apostate from religion, a vile blasphemer, and an avowed pantheist?

Another point. Bruno was sent from Venice to Rome in the January of 1593, and according to Scioppius he was burnt on February 17, 1600; so that a period of about seven years was spent over his trial. Yet this author tells us that it lasted but two years, and of course we find Draper following him blindly. In the same manner we find him reproducing the words which Bruno is said to have spoken to his judges, and which the same Scioppius is alone responsible for: "Perhaps it is with greater fear that you pass the sentence upon me than I receive it." But these words, which have about as much historical verisimilitude as the still more famous words of Galileo, *E pur si muove*, would betoken a proud and defiant attitude in the apostate, quite unlike the cringing spirit which we have seen that he displayed when on his knees before the Venetian tribunal. With regard to the length of time that his trial is supposed to have lasted, we must remember that the Holy Office would first have to examine all the documents of the former three processes which were begun against the apostate, his writings would have to be read through and discussed, and the heterodox opinions extracted and submitted to theologians, and he himself would have to be interrogated on many occasions. All this, and especially the reading of

¹ According to Berti as quoted by Father de Smedt (*Revue*, p. 135), nearly all these propositions are to be found in Bruno's works written at Frankfort, *De Monade*, and *De Triptici, minimo, et mensura*.

his papers, would take a great amount of time. Again, we may naturally think that the Dominicans would have been very averse to seeing one of their number mounting the gallows, and that difficulties would have been raised against the death sentence or its equivalent being pronounced. Finally Scioppius tells us that Bruno himself for some time deceived the judges and the Sovereign Pontiff, by holding out hopes of a retractation, which he kept continually deferring, so that it was to himself that Bruno in a large measure owed his long imprisonment before his execution.

This then is the saint whom modern infidelity delights to honour, this the hero to whom a statue is erected, this the man of whom the Syndic of Rome could say "that there is no greatness equal to the virtue of Giordano Bruno's sacrifice." The whole proceeding was an intentional insult to our Sovereign Lord Pope Leo the Thirteenth, for the many thousands who met in the Campo di Fiori on Whit Sunday were not gathered together so much to honour Bruno as to insult Peter. But God will protect His own, and the senseless clamour about this miserable apostate will injure not the cause of Leo, but of the miscreants who have sheltered themselves under the delusive cry of "United Italy" in order to fight against the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

A. L. CORTIE.

*Blessed Edmund Campion and his
"Ten Reasons."*¹

FEW books in their time have produced a greater excitement, at all events at Oxford, and amongst readers of high intelligence, than Blessed Edmund Campion's famous *Ten Reasons*. It was written while its author was hunted like a wild animal: and it was printed in a friend's house by workmen who knew that thereby they were risking their lives. *Heresy in Despair* was to have been its title; and this title was Father Campion's choice when, at a meeting of missionaries at Uxbridge in October, 1580, it was proposed to him that he should write such a book to encourage Catholics and confute their enemies. At this very time Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council issued their third proclamation for the discovery and arrest of the Jesuits. Campion started from Uxbridge with the intention of staying in Lancashire to write his work, but he was so hard pressed that it was necessary for him to pass rapidly from house to house, until by mid-Lent in 1581 he had been through Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire. At length at Mount St. John, in the last-named county, the house of Mr. William Harrington, he found means to pass twelve days, which he devoted to writing. Yet all the while he was the missionary first and foremost, and one of his host's sons was moved to tread in his steps and is now the Venerable William Harrington, priest and martyr. From there Campion went on from house to house, and eight years afterwards Father Henry More could say that in those parts the memory of Blessed Edmund's sermons was still fresh. Preaching, hearing confessions, holding conferences, while ever on the alert to avoid the pursuivants—such were the conditions under which the book was written. He sent it to Father Persons in London soon after Easter 1581, and left Lancashire for Westminster or Harrow-on-the-Hill or elsewhere

¹ *Beati Edmundi Campiani e Societate Jesu Martyris in Anglia Opuscula*. Barcelona, 1889.

in the neighbourhood of London after Whitsuntide. Father Persons found the book with its title changed for the better, but bristling with references which he had not the means of verifying. Campion replied that he had not made a single quotation at second hand; which shows that he had carried his note-books with him, for in his travels he could not have found access to the necessary books: still, for safety's sake, Thomas Fitzherbert, a young married man then living in London, afterwards a Jesuit Father, was deputed to verify all the quotations and references afresh in the London libraries. This will have been the time when Campion, on his way to the Bellamys' house at Uxenden near Harrow, will have had the occasion to pass Tyburn gallows, where he was soon to give his bright life for God. He knew what was in store for him there, and he told Father Persons so. He would walk bareheaded between the three posts of the famous "triple-tree," venerating it for the Martyrs' sake who had already suffered there in Henry's reign and in Elizabeth's.

Meanwhile Father Persons had been arranging where the book should be printed. About Christmas he had himself brought out a book—his *Censure of Charke and Hammer*, an answer to two Protestant ministers who had written replies to Campion's *Challenge*. Persons' book bore on its title-page, "Doway, by John Lyon, 1581," but it was really printed by Mr. Stephen Brinkley in the house of a Mr. Brookes called Greenstreet, about five miles from London. A servant of Brinkley's was caught and racked, and though he did not betray his master, yet this could not be known. Father Persons had, besides, as a servant, a man named Alfield, of whose fidelity he had grave suspicion, and indeed, later on, the man betrayed his own brother the Venerable Thomas Alfield, who was martyred in 1585. Brinkley therefore removed his printing press from Greenstreet, but before doing so, he printed another book from the pen of Father Persons against John Nichols, an apostate. In March, about Lady Day, Blessed Alexander Briant was transferred from the Marshalsea to the Tower of London, as it was known that he was very intimate with Father Persons: in fact he had received Father Persons' father into the Church. Needles were thrust under his nails, with the hope of forcing him to say where he had seen Father Persons, but he resolutely refused to tell. On the 6th of April, according to the Diary of Edward Rishton, his fellow-prisoner, he was cast into the pit in the Tower—Walesboure was the

name of the dreadful place; eight days later he was racked most cruelly, and on the next day he was twice hung on the rack in the same way. This was the occasion when, on his way to the torture-chamber, he made a vow to enter the Society, and in his racking was miraculously preserved from pain. The object of all the efforts of the rackmaster was to extort from the brave martyr the secret of the place where Persons' books were printed. The very rackmaster himself, Norton, testified of Blessed Alexander Briant that his efforts were all in vain. "Being threatened," he wrote to Walsingham, "by those that had commission (to the intent he might be moved to tell the truth without torment) that if he would not for his duty to God and the Queen tell truth, he should be made a foot longer than God made him, he was therewith nothing moved. And being for his apparent obstinacy in matters that he well knew racked more than any of the rest, yet he stood still with express refusal that he would tell the truth."

If the writing of Campion's book had been done under circumstances of difficulty, it is plain that its printing was still more dangerous and difficult. If it had not been for the devotion of Stephen Brinkley and his workmen, it could not have been done. The press had been removed to Stonor Park in Oxfordshire, near Henley-on-Thames, a place with earlier memories of martyrs, as it had been the home of Venerable Sir Adrian Fortescue. It was then the house of Cecilia Stonor,¹ from whom the present Lord Camoys is descended. The printing was carried on in the attics of the old house, according to the traditions of the family. Stonor Park was an excellently chosen place, for it was surrounded by woods, and yet close to the Thames for easy transport. Of this printing press Dr. Allen wrote from Rheims, in June, 1581, to Father Agazzari in Rome, that Father Persons "has seven men continually at work at a press outside of London, where the noise of the machine is less likely to betray it." He adds that George Gilbert, the cost of whose pictures of the Martyrs at Rome has been in our time so amply repaid, had left "a large sum of money to procure needful things, paper, types, ink, and the like; for great things can only be done at great expense,

¹ Cecily, daughter of Sir Leonard Chamberlain, of Sherburn, wife of Sir Francis Stonor, of Stonor, High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, 35 Eliz., 1593. Their descendant, the late Hon. Thomas Edward Stonor, says that Sir Francis was living at this time at Sherburn, about two miles from Stonor. Her husband's absence may account for the prominence given to Lady Stonor's name in the narrative.

and for the success of such works we must have men who are not only despisers of money, but rich into the bargain." The rich and generous man was not wanting when George Gilbert was within reach, and Dame Cecilia Stonor bravely bore the risk of having the printing press in a house of hers.

While the printing was going on, both Father Campion and Father Persons remained in the neighbourhood. The houses of various Catholics around were blessed by harbouring the future Martyr, and it was not very far off, in Mrs. Yates' house at Lyford, in Berkshire, that Campion was taken, only a fortnight after the publication of his book. He had been but a year in England, and Allen wrote: "Father Campion is no less industrious in his own province [than Father Persons], and it is supposed that there are twenty thousand more Catholics this year than last." He landed in England on St. John the Baptist's day, and the anniversary of his landing he spent at Lady Babington's at Twyford, perhaps a dozen miles from Stonor, just across the river. His arrest was on the 16th of July, and his martyrdom followed on the 1st of December. "Nothing else was lacking to this cause," he wrote on the 9th of July to Father Acquaviva, the General of the Society, "than that to our books written with ink should succeed those others which are daily being published, written in blood."

It was not till the end of August that Sir Henry Neville, a local magnate, had succeeded in discovering the printing press in Stonor Park, and the Privy Council on the 30th wrote him a letter thanking him for apprehending the printers. They required him to deface the "massing-stuff," and give the proceeds to the poor; to send the press, books, and papers to London; and to look out diligently for Hartwell, a priest, Father Persons and his servant, and Robert Seely, servant to John Stonor, "if he shall light upon them or any others of their disposition." "Hartwell the priest," for whom they were in search, we now know as the Venerable William Hartley, for he was afterwards martyred. He was an excellent friend of the two Jesuit Fathers, and he was largely instrumental in spreading Blessed Edmund Campion's book. By this mention of him in the letter of the Privy Council we are able to correct an error as to the date of his arrest in the current narratives.

After an entry in the Douay Diary dated the 27th of August, in the year 1581, we read:¹ "About this time we heard

¹ Translated from the *Douay Diary*, p. 181.

that Father Edmund Campion, by the means of George Eliot, a false brother, was captured by the heretics, and with ten others taken to London in charge of a large force. Among those ten were three priests, students of our seminary, Mr. Thomas Ford, Mr. Colington, and Mr. Filby the younger. They say that while Father Edmund was taken through the streets of London, that he might be exposed to derision, a paper was attached to his hat, on which in great letters these words were written :

EDMUND CAMPION
THE SEDITIOUS JESUIT.

He has been twice badly racked, and is now kept in prison. Before he was taken, he published a short but elegant little book against the heretics, in Latin. We heard also about the end of July, if I am not mistaken, that Mr. Brinkley, Bachelor of Civil Law, was taken by Sir Henry Neville, shut up in the Tower of London, *and after some days racked*. Before he was taken, Father Robert [Persons] employed him in printing books, in which he showed great fidelity and industry." The statement that Stephen Brinkley was racked has been since erased ; which is satisfactory as showing the care taken to make the diary accurate. In the date "about the end of July," it is plain that the diarist's memory failed him. He should rather have said, "about the end of August."

As to the arrest of Hartley, Bishop Challoner says : "Mr. Hartley had not laboured above a twelvemonth in the vineyard of his Lord"—he started on foot from Rheims for the English Mission on June 16, 1580, having said his first Mass on St. Gregory's day—"before he was apprehended in the house of the Lady Stonor and carried prisoner to the Tower, August 13, 1581, together with Mr. John Stonor and Mr. Stephen Brinkley, lay gentlemen." Bishop Challoner's mistake, in supposing that the Venerable William Hartley was arrested at Stonor with the printers, is drawn from Edmund Rishton's "Diary in the Tower." "August 13. William Hartley, priest, and with him John Stonor and Stephen Brinkley, lay gentlemen ; and four servants printers John Harris, John Harvey, John Tucker and John Compton, were taken with the printing press in the house of the illustrious Lady Stonor, and brought to the Tower. The last of these, being of a timid nature, when the gaoler with drawn sword threatened him with death if he would not promise to go to the

heretical church, gave way, and on that ground obtained his liberty."

Rishton further tells us, under the date of April 7, 1582, that John Stonor with others was discharged on bail, and on the 16th of September in that year "William Hartley, priest, and John Jacob, John Harvey, John Harris and John Tucker, laymen, were sent from the Tower to other prisons." It is singular that Rishton should have made a second mistake in the dates respecting Hartley. It was on the 16th—another list says the 22nd—of August, not September;¹ and on the 24th of August Hartley was discovered saying Mass in Mr. Shelley's room in the Marshalsea prison, and John Jacob and John Harris, mentioned above, were that morning serving other priests' Masses. Bishop Challoner is misled in this second date, as in the first, by Rishton, or rather by Rishton's ancient editors, who have apparently inserted "Sept." in the margin. Rishton adds, "June 24, 1583. Stephen Brinkley, lay gentleman, by the intercession of friends and on bail, discharged after two years' imprisonment." This Stephen Brinkley, when in the Tower begged Blessed Edmund Campion, his fellow-prisoner, to let him have the hat on which the inscription had been placed. Campion had years before, when entering the Society at Rome, received the hat of St. Francis Borgia; and he took it with him to Prague, where it is still preserved, now a doubly precious relic. Changing hats or habits when men were parting was not an uncommon thing, and when Persons and Campion separated, a very few days before Campion's arrest, they exchanged hats. The hat, therefore, that Campion gave at his request to Brinkley, had belonged to Father Robert Persons; and though Father Persons was not another St. Francis Borgia, it adds to the value and interest of the relic that it should have been a token of affection between two such men. Stephen Brinkley succeeded in getting it safely over into Belgium, and four years after the martyrdom of Blessed Edmund the hat was put into a reliquary by Brinkley, who now regarded the martyr, for whom he had laboured in his lifetime, as his father and patron in Heaven. It is no longer known to exist; but a fragment was, in the first half of the seventeenth century, cut from it and is now preserved at the Jesuit Noviciate at Roehampton. It is a piece of thick dark coloured felt. It was brought from Belgium a few

¹ The official prison lists, and the account of the Masses in the Marshalsea, are given in the *Life of Father John Gerard*, pp. 21, 29.

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years ago, and it is accompanied by a contemporary paper, evidently a copy, slightly defective, of the document that was kept with the hat. As it has never seen the light before, a copy of it is given at the foot of the page.¹

From the printers we may now turn to the book. Its "ten reasons" are—the Scriptures, the treatment by Protestants of certain texts, the Church, the General Councils, the Fathers, Patristic interpretation of Scripture, the History of the Church, "Paradoxes" or Protestant sayings, the weakness of Protestant argument, and lastly what Mr. Simpson calls "a litany of commonplaces," in the theological, we must suppose, and not the popular sense of the word. After an analysis of each of these reasons, Mr. Simpson² passes the following criticism on the work:

It would not be difficult to criticise this production. The scheme of Catholic apology is by no means perfect, nor is its method either philosophical or logical. It is the work rather of a preacher and a rhetorician than of a theologian. There is a kind of formality in the six first topics, which take the Scriptures as a whole, then the texts as the actual teaching of the Scriptures; the Church as a whole, then the Councils, as it were the texts, the formal propositions enunciated by the Church; then the Fathers as a body of theologians, and then their *firmamenta* or consensive teaching. The eighth and ninth are also good topics; but the weakness with which history is treated in the seventh, and the clumsy way in which the residues of all the others are collected together in the tenth topic must strike all readers. Nevertheless it was a book that succeeded. One may suspect the partisan prejudices of the Catholics when they cried out to one another in the words of the

¹ *Jesus ✕ Maria.*

Hic fuit B. P. Edmundi Campiani Societatis Jesu pileus, cui dum captus in triumphum per plateas ad turrim Londinensem duceretur affixa erat charta continens hæc verba Campianus Jesuita seditiosus, quem pileum B. Edmundus in carceribus misit petenti conceptivo (qui solus pene per internuntium cum illo tunc tempore tractabat) Stephano Brinkleo Brunleo qui amoris et observantie causa erga scism Dei martyrem patrem et patronum suum hanc qualemcumq. capsulam pro tempore aptari fecit 3^o Aug. anno post felix eiusdem martyris certamen 4^o. qui cum BB. Sheruino et Brianto palmam obtinuit 1^o Decembris 1581.

The right side of the paper has been cut off, and the missing words are here conjecturally supplied. The paper is endorsed in another hand, and in ink so bad that it has almost perished:

*Rdo. in Chro. Patri P. Joanni
Vicherio Sacra Theologie apud
Patres Soc. Jesu Professori.*

² *Edmund Campion*, p. 216.

greatest scholar of the day, Muretus, *libellum aureum, vere digito Dei scriptum*; but it is impossible to misinterpret the anxious letters which the Anglican authorities wrote to one another on the subject, the orders of the Council that the book should be answered, the terms of unmeasured abuse in which it was answered, the monstrous iniquity of the few disputations which its author was allowed to hold upon it, and the anxiety of the Bishops to have even these conferences stopped; the tortures and death that were inflicted on the writer; and lastly, the voluminous mass of literature (if I may call it so) to which this volume gave birth. The spark may have been a little one, but it kindled a great fire. And the style of the book was such as to captivate the lover of learning of those days.

Mr. Simpson has been a little hard on Campion's book by his own showing. "Its method is neither philosophical nor logical; the work is that of a preacher and a rhetorician, rather than of a theologian." But a theologian may be a preacher and rhetorician also—at least it is to be hoped so, for the sake of both preachers and their audiences. The "kind of formality" in the first six topics can only mean method, both philosophical and logical; and if "the eighth and ninth also are good topics," the critic himself speaks well of eight out of the ten reasons, that he blames collectively. The seventh reason, the history of the Church, is too vast to be treated otherwise than in general terms in three short pages. "It is our history, not yours;" Campion says to his adversaries: "it will not be in the history of the Church, at all events, that you will find the records of your spiritual predecessors. And that the Roman Church was once holy, you will not hesitate to admit; point then to the stage in her history when she ceased to be so." Such is his appeal to history, and it is to be doubted whether the Oxford students felt "the weakness with which history is treated" that Mr. Simpson says "must strike all readers."

Nor is "the clumsy way" more evident in which, as a last reason, "a cloud of witnesses" are summoned to close the argument. The Saints and the damned, the Jews and the heathen, Turks and heretics, the Apostolic See, Bishoprics throughout the world, the Sovereigns of old Christendom, the conversion of all nations, the "Universities, manners, ceremonial of coronations and the like, vestments, painted windows, the gates of towns, the signs of citizens' houses, the lives of our grandfathers, and almost everything that has any historical association at all, prove that Catholicism is the Christianity of

history and fact." The clumsiness is far from striking. And if it had been, and if the history had been treated weakly, the book would still be a wonderful book, written under such overwhelming difficulties, in the midst of the pressing work of an Apostolic career, in the broken moments of a wearisome journey, without access to the most necessary books. Is it "partisan prejudice" to call it "a golden book, written by the finger of God"?

"The printers in Lady Stonor's lodge," Mr. Simpson tells us, "by great industry managed to have Campion's book finished, and a certain number of copies bound, in time for the commencement at Oxford on the 27th of June, the Tuesday next before the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, when those who were present found the benches of St. Mary's Church strewed with copies, upwards of four hundred of which were distributed, partly in this way, partly in special gifts to different persons, by Hartley. The audience was more employed in reading the new book than in listening to the responsions of the students; and it was the reading, not the speaking, which so strangely moved them. Some were furious, some amused, some frightened, some perplexed; but all agreed that the essay was a model of eloquence, elegance, and good taste. The young Oxonians did not bear easily the Elizabethan drill, and felt that if their liberty must be crushed, they would fain have it crushed by something more venerable than the mushroom authority of the ministers of the Queen. They were as tinder, and Campion's book was just the sort of spark to set them in a blaze."¹

Times are changed, for the book that produced this effect was written in Latin. Oxford was yet hardly altogether out of touch with Christendom, and the Latin language was not yet quite dead there. Campion had himself preached at Oxford the funeral oration of Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College, of which he was a fellow; and as a matter of course in a learned body, it was in Latin. His very address to Elizabeth when she visited Oxford in 1566 was in Latin. And now, desiring to write a book that might deeply affect the students of the land, he writes it in Latin.

And it is now reprinted at Barcelona for at least the twenty-seventh time in Latin, and in any language the forty-seventh. As to the original, printed at Stonor Park in 1581, such attention was paid to it by the authorities that no copy can

¹ *Edmund Campion*. By Richard Simpson. London, 1867, p. 212.

be found either in the British Museum or in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But fortunately a single copy at least has survived, and it was examined by the late Hon. Thomas Edward Stonor, and described by him in a short paper, published in the Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society just after his death in 1865. The copy, he says, was "lately discovered in the possession of Mr. Godwin of Oxford," the place of all others where a copy might have been expected to be found. "The book is a small 12mo, printed on 8vo paper doubled, consisting of forty-four leaves, the last four of which are the title-page and preface. The type is the clear round English type of the period, with here and there a large letter used for a small one. The leaves are numbered on the right-hand page only. The first four numbers have been forgotten, and the numbering begins on page 5. At the end of the volume is the date 1581; but neither on the title-page nor the end is there any mention of the place where the volume was printed." The title-page, as given by Mr. Stonor, is reproduced in a footnote.¹ It is interesting to see the text the blessed Martyr has chosen as the motto of his book, for the promise he quotes, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom that all your adversaries shall not be able to resist and contradict," has hardly in any case met with a more admirable fulfilment than in his own.

¹ Rationes Decem
Quibus Fretus Certamen
adversariis obtulit in
causa FIDEI Edmundus
Campionus

E Societate Nominis IESV Presbyter

ALLEGATÆ

Ad clarissimos viros nostrates Academicos.

Ego dabo vobis os et sapientiam



Psal. 63.

Sagittæ Parvulorum factæ sunt plagæ eorum

After the original edition, the "Decem rationes" appeared at Rome and at Antwerp in 1582, at Ingoldstadt and at Rome in 1584, at Wurtzburg in 1589, Lichæ Solomorum and at Paris in 1601, at Cracow in 1605, Cadonii in 1616, at Prague in 1692, and changed into "Fifty reasons" at Cologne in 1710. These are editions by themselves, but the "Ten reasons" found their place in collections, either of Campion's other works, published at Ingoldstadt in 1599 and 1602, at Paris in 1612, at Pisa in 1618, at Pont-à-Mousson in 1622, at Milan in 1625, and at Antwerp in 1631; or with such works as those of Tertullian and Vincent of Lerins at La Rochelle¹ in 1585, at Cologne in 1594, 1600, and 1608, and at Mayence in 1602. It is also in the famous *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*, published in 1588, the useful record that we owe to the zeal of Father Gibbons and Father Bridgewater. These are all in Latin, but in translations it has appeared six times in French, four times in German, three times in Flemish, twice in Polish and Dutch, and four times in English. The old English editions appeared in 1606, 1632, and 1687, and it is very surprising that it has not been reprinted in the English language many times since then. Indeed it has before this but twice been printed in this century, and that was in French in the Abbé Migne's *Démonstrations Évangéliques*, and in English by Keating and Brown in 1827, under the title, "An Appeal to the Members of the two Universities, presenting ten reasons for renouncing the Protestant and embracing the Catholic Religion, by the Reverend Edmond Campian." The translator was not aware that it had ever been published in English before. May we not hope soon to see in an accessible form, and in our own tongue, a work, the "Ten reasons" of which have certainly lost none of their force?

Our best thanks are due to the Spanish Fathers of the Society, to whom the excellent thought has occurred of honouring our recently beatified Martyr by reprinting his works. They form a little 12mo volume of 330 pages; and in addition to the "Ten reasons," we have the story of Henry's Divorce and

¹ A note in Mr. Grenville's writing in the copy in the British Museum of the Antwerp edition of 1631 (G. 1482) says: "The *X. Rationes* had been incorrectly printed and published Rupell. [La Rochelle] 1585, and in English 8°. 1571." This last assertion is, of course, impossible, as that is ten years before the book was written. It is worth adding that this copy of Mr. Grenville's has inserted in it a very rare print of Blessed Edmund Campion, "*Lerch sc.*" In the background on one side is a man on a rack like a St. Andrew's cross, and on the other side a Jesuit hanging in his habit.

Schism, a little treatise on Rhetoric, letters and poems. The greater portion of the book is taken, we should say, from the Antwerp edition of 1631 by Father Silvester Petra-sancta; but several things see the light for the first time, printed from manuscripts in the Archives of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at the London Oratory, or from manuscripts, some of them autographs, preserved at Stonyhurst College. The edition we learn was not a large one, and it is comfort to hear that it is nearly exhausted already. If another edition is called for, as we hope, a fuller account of the life of Campion may perhaps be prefixed to it, and the historical portions of the volume might benefit by a few editorial comments. Running titles at the heads of the pages would also be a great improvement. In conclusion we would venture to suggest that these legacies of Blessed Edmund Campion might with advantage be placed in the hands of students of Rhetoric. He taught Rhetoric at Prague for some years, and why should he not now, besides other and better things, teach Rhetoric in England?

JOHN MORRIS.

A wondrous Work of Charity.

IT fell to the lot of the present writer to be consulted, some months ago, about the Religious Institute founded by Cottolengo. He knew nothing of the Institute, and had read no life of the man. The inquiries he then and there set on foot elicited disclosures so strange and interesting, that he begged the questioner to put down on paper as many facts as possible and send them to him. The following particulars have been sent, the result of a recent personal visit, and are now being made public. All that is related is believed to be strictly accurate, in pledge of which the compiler gives his name. He is intimately acquainted with the person who has supplied the information, and now has made himself familiar with the *Life of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo*, written in French by the Abbé Postel, in 1887. He has thought it probable that since he knew so very little concerning this modern Vincent of Paul, his readers may be equally ignorant of the Miracle of Charity which has been worked daily for the last fifty years in Turin, at the "Little Refuge of Divine Providence."

This charitable institution is a vast, though quite unpretending mass of buildings consecrated to the beneficent work of caring for, and when possible curing, every disease whether of body or mind or soul. Any one finds welcome within its walls who can bring the single recommendation required, that of being utterly destitute and friendless. Waifs and strays of humanity, outcasts from society of every kind, the blind, the halt, the lame, the deaf and dumb, orphans, foundlings picked up in lanes and slums, imbeciles and idiots, monsters in human form, persons decrepit from age or incurably diseased, who from the nature of their maladies cannot be admitted into existing asylums and hospitals, lepers even, can find a home in the House of Divine Providence, with no other introduction than a "plentiful scarcity" of money or influence, and without distinction of nationality, sex, age, or religion. Over the chief

entrance is inscribed, "The charity of Christ urges us," and nothing short of this Scriptural motto could explain, or perhaps justify, the setting on foot a charitable work which, having its origin in small beginnings, was intended by its holy founder to assume mighty proportions, while he ignored and almost set at defiance all laws of human prudence, for Cottolengo had not a farthing, nor did he up to the time of his death keep any written accounts. All live from hand to mouth, and are supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and by the earnings, such as they are, of a certain percentage of the inmates, who number between four and five thousand. Cottolengo had such confidence that the God who clothes the flowers of the field with beauty, who opens His hands and fills every animal with blessing, would provide for the sustenance of the naked and the hungry, that he hesitated not to incur the responsibility of gathering together all the scattered homeless, houseless, and hopeless, who for so long a time have formed the magnificent monument to God's fatherly care, called by the name of the "Little Refuge of Divine Providence." His firm faith in the mission of the Catholic Church, and his immovable trust in the loving-kindness of God towards His afflicted children, prevented his taking any thought for the morrow. He left the morrow to take thought for itself, believing that sufficient for the day is the evil and trouble thereof, and that if he sought first the Kingdom of God and His justice, all things needed would be given in addition. And God, who is faithful and true to all His promises, has provided, and still provides, whatsoever is wanted, by a kind of daily miracle. To feed and clothe fifty persons day by day, many of whom are permanent invalids, would be a heavy tax upon an institution possessing a fair endowment, but in this Asylum or Refuge, which trusts to Divine Providence for its support, one hundred times fifty poor men, women, and children are boarded and lodged, free of cost, in "families," living in unity, housed in dwellings built expressly for them, or purchased as the demand required and the funds permitted. This is all strange enough, but the way this beneficent institution is managed is stranger still.

The entire work of this immense establishment is carried on by fourteen religious congregations, all founded by Cottolengo himself, and all actually living in convents within its precincts, some sitting at the feet of our Blessed Lord, like Magdalene, praying for its needs, and some, like Martha, engaged in the

active occupations so abundantly and constantly required. Two of these congregations are for men. One consists of "Priests of the Most Holy Trinity,"¹ whose duty it is to officiate in the church, celebrate daily Mass, administer the sacraments, attend to the sick and dying, bury and pray for the dead. The second is made up of Brothers of St. Vincent (of Paul), who have general oversight of the work of the men's departments, and who have special care of the hospitals for the sick of the male sex, for whom they perform the most menial offices.

The other twelve congregations are for women; seven of the sisterhoods being destined for contemplative, and five for active life. The disproportion between the sexes is owing in part to the fact that it is difficult to find men who have the vocation for such a life, and in part that few men are so entirely free from responsibility for others dependent upon them as to be able to work all their lives without remuneration.

Cottolengo gave the name of Vincentians (from the name of his patron, St. Vincent of Paul) to the most numerous portion of the Sisters. He meant them to be, what they really are, the life of the institution. He held them in high honour, and treated them with the utmost deference and respect. Their chief duties are to attend the sick in the general hospitals and special wards for women, as well as to visit the poor in the respective "families." These Sisters are at the present time more than a thousand in number. He called another sisterhood the "Marthas." They attend to the cooking, and have under their management and superintendence everything connected with the public and private meals. They are now rather more than three hundred in number. A third religious congregation he christened the *Crocine*, or "Sisters of the Holy Cross." Among their other labours, they make and mend the linen and underclothing of the invalids. Their number is about one hundred. A fourth branch of the general sisterhood goes by the name of *Pastorelle*, or "Sisters of the Good Shepherd." One of their daily duties is to give a course of spiritual instruction to all, but especially to the sick. There are eighty of these

¹ Cottolengo's devotion to the Most Holy Trinity began when he was little more than a child, and showed itself in many ways. For several years he gave a meal every morning to three poor people in honour of the Trinity. To the end of his life he used to profess his religious in companies of three.

nuns now in the institution. Fifthly, the *Eliane*, or "Hermits," only twelve in number, but helped by numerous women affiliated to the Order have for their trying office to wash the clothing and linen of those afflicted persons who, from weakness of body or mind, are unable to keep themselves clean, and live habitually in a state of revolting filthiness. This portion of the laundry work is carried on in a large open shed in all weathers, and though their labours are doubly laborious and repulsive during the alternations of excessive heat and cold—in winter time they frequently have to break the ice in the troughs—they are merry, and sing as gaily as if they were the happiest people in the world.

These five Congregations do all the manual work of the "Little Refuge." The contemplatives live in separate houses, which are built in the centre of gardens or flagged pavements. First in order come the "Carmelites," whose chief office is to pray for the Pope and the clergy, and for all the religious orders of men and women in the Catholic Church. Their life is a very austere one: they go barefoot, sleep on planks, and fast all the year round. Their food is limited to vegetable soups, and to the common bread and wine of the country. Then follow the *Suffragine*, or "Helpers of the Holy Souls," who pray constantly for the dead, that they may be admitted into the Kingdom of light and peace. Cottolengo said of this Congregation that it was the only one of its kind in the world, but that he hoped many similar ones would be set on foot, "children of the Little Refuge." This hope has been fulfilled, witness the convent in London. After them come the *Pietadine*, or the "Sisters of Compassion," who pray for the dying, that they may have the grace of conversion if they need it, or at least that of dying fortified with the last rites of the Church. They live by their own labour, and are for this reason without the obligation of saying Office in choir. Their habit reminds them of the Passion; in front it bears an image of Our Lady of Dolours, on the back is a large red cross. The Order was initiated by twelve girls, the eldest of whom was eighteen years of age. Cottolengo wanted to have thirty-three nuns in it, in memory of the thirty-three years that our Lord lived. At midnight all visit the church in procession, and remain two hours in prayer, during which time they go through the Stations of the Cross. Each one, in turn, stays another hour, alone, in imitation of Mary Magdalene at the Tomb of Jesus. Next follow the Sisters of

the Immaculate Heart of Mary. These are all deaf and dumb, the only religious congregation of the kind in the world. They spend their time in mental prayer and in working for the church, making vestments, altar-linen, and everything needed for the sanctuary : and washing, cleaning, and keeping in order the church, chapels, and sacristies. The twelfth congregation (the tenth sisterhood) is composed of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Their prayer is offered chiefly for the Government under which they live, and their manual labour is especially devoted to the clothing of the men connected with the Hospice. There remain the two sisterhoods of the Adorers (*Adoratrici*) and of the Magdalenes. The former spend day and night watching, in turn, before the Blessed Sacrament. The latter are penitents rescued from a life of shame. They occupy themselves in work of a laborious and mortifying nature, and endeavour to atone for the scandal they have given, and to become clean of heart once more, that so they too may see God, darkly and as in a glass now, and in the next world face to face, with their patron Saint, Mary of Magdala. Cottolengo was often attacked by men who had led these women into wrong, and on one occasion was so cruelly beaten that his health was permanently injured. It is generally supposed that his death was brought about by the ill-treatment then received. This is the only congregation in the Catholic Church that is made up exclusively of fallen women. But all Cottolengo's congregations are stamped with some special mark ; none of them are mere duplicates of orders already existing, and all share in common the exceptional and unique characteristic that they are under obedience to a Superior General who has the power, in case of grave need, to change any member of a contemplative order to an active one, and *vice versâ*. Nor did he ever write any Constitutions. These arrangements would be considered impracticable were they seen only on paper. But they have been found to work, and the experience of more than half a century has proved that Cottolengo knew to whom he trusted when he placed reliance on Divine Providence. He was eminently a man of faith. Fontana, the saintly Oratorian, said of him : " There is more faith in Canon Cottolengo than in all Turin put together." He did not ask to see his way, for that he would have thought incompatible with blind trust in Providence. When he felt sure that God called upon him to start some charitable undertaking, he began it at once, without having any idea of how the work

could be kept going. He was in the position, he believed, of a builder to whom the architect refuses to show his plans. He was the "Apostle of Providence." Were any one to ask at the present day how the institution is supported, the answer would probably be that no one knows. It is the "Little Home of Divine Providence." Good people hear of it, perhaps, and send subscriptions, as the Spirit moves.

It is no longer open to doubt that the finger of God was in the scheme from its outset, or that God's blessing still rests upon it. When Job's comforters predicted its ruin, Cottolengo told them that it would survive the noblest families in Turin and Piedmont, because these did not depend on Providence for existence, and that the only thing that could ruin it would be the having funds for its support. He had great faith, too, in the Presence of God dwelling within its precincts in the Blessed Sacrament. He had no fear of asking and not receiving what was wanted for his colossal institution—which a French writer calls "Cottolengo's Encyclopedia of Catholic Charity"—when (to use the expression of the Curé d'Ars) they could "clamour at the Tabernacle door." The traveller writes :

"There is never one moment of the day or night when one or other of the families, lay or religious, of which this immense household is constituted, fails to present itself in the large central church, round which all the houses are grouped, to return thanks for the almost miraculous providence by which they live from day to day, to ask for all their bodily and spiritual needs, and to obtain in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament and through Holy Communion, the stores of fortitude, love, and patience, which they so urgently require in their all but heroic life. The present Superior told me that the average number of communions is three thousand a day, amongst the members of the household, and thus, by prayer and the reception of the Bread of Life, these children of faith keep open the communication with the Divine Providence which has never failed them for more than half a century, but has provided wherewithal to be fed and clothed for this great multitude.

"When I visited the institution I observed on approaching it that the name, 'Little Refuge,' is a misleading one. As far as I could see to right and left, down the street called after the name of the founder, the long lines of the walls were unbroken and enclosed buildings spread over a very wide surface. The entrance I noticed, was surmounted by a marble group, calcu-

lated to inspire confidence into any destitute being anxious to obtain admittance. It consists of the figure of Cottolengo, who, with a face beaming with love, is pointing heavenwards, in order to encourage a pitiable half-naked creature kneeling by his side, on whose shoulder his hand is placed. I was not admitted, however, through the main entrance, and the one through which I was taken struck me as being eminently characteristic of the humble man who always aimed at concealing from the world the greatness of his work, and whose highest ambition was to be unknown or ignored. It was so small that the four persons who met at the door were uncomfortably crowded, and no one could have supposed that this was the entrance to an hospital, much less to one containing many thousands of people. Near to this door was a little altar, and it was edifying to see that all the occupants of the Refuge knelt for a few moments in prayer before passing from the holy enclosure into the outer world. Leaving the entrance, it was at once apparent that much time would be needed to go through the whole of the institution. The vastness of the place was bewildering. Here I could discern what looked like a little street, there something that resembled a playground; on one side a tunnel leading beneath the church, on another a garden; while buildings were facing one another from every conceivable angle, and I who had gone with the intention of carrying away some sort of plan of the establishment in my memory, found myself obliged to abandon the idea for want of some straight line to work from. To a mathematical mind the effect would have been distracting, and perhaps distressing, but the delightful uncertainty of what I might see next, and the harmony between the material arrangement of the work and the manner of its internal management could not but be interesting."

The visitor was taken first to the church, a building as irregular as the rest of the institution, since side chapels have been added to the central nave at various times, as necessity required, or means could be found. These frequent additions to the original structure have made the church an exceptionally large one, though on first entering it, and before visiting the transepts, chapels, and offshoots of chapels, the eye is deceived and the church gives the impression of being even small. From the church the visitor was conducted to the kitchen. This, as has been already stated, is under the care of the Sisters who are called after the name of her who was troubled through her

anxiety to provide many dishes, when one alone would have sufficed for the necessary meal.¹

"All was so clean, and in such good order that it seemed incredible that the dinner for five thousand people had passed out of it in less than two hours before. The deaf and dumb men were then being employed in the bakeries. One of the 'Marthas' told me that they used twenty sacks of flour every day, and that the bread produced only amounted to two-thirds of what is consumed in the establishment daily. One-third is purchased, at a considerable reduction, from the different bakers in the town, who are glad to dispose of the second day's bread left on their hands, and they have done this since Cottolengo founded the Refuge. Of the home-made bread the best quality is reserved for the use of those who are sick. The young and healthy are fed upon the coarser kind. The other food consists principally of soup (vegetable or *maigre* soup on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays); Italian pastes, manufactured in the house by machinery; *polenta*, a porridge made of maize corn, or Spanish chestnuts; vegetables, cheese, and fruit, with wine. But any 'family' is allowed to spend money earned by its own industry, over a more generous diet, and when this is done the extra food is prepared in the little kitchen attached to each house."

The Pharmacy was next visited. Some half-dozen rooms are set apart for the making up of medicines by a certain number of the Vincentian Sisters, who are specially trained in the healing art. They are qualified, in the absence of professional men—as in cases of sudden emergency—to act either as physicians or surgeons. Report credits these Sisters with preparing medicines with more care than is bestowed on those which are sold in the shops of the chemists and druggists. It is a labour of love with these devoted women, who spare no pains in their endeavours to mitigate the sufferings of the invalids under their charge. In Cottolengo's time an eminent practitioner gave his services, and even the drugs required, for no other return than that the secret of his charity should not be divulged. In one of the Dispensary rooms some Sisters make the hosts required for the daily Masses and Communions. It is told of Cottolengo that occasionally he would pay a visit to a Sister

¹ This is the interpretation given to the words, "One thing is necessary" (St. Luke x. 42), by Theophylact, St. Basil, St. Gregory the Great, and many others.

thus employed, and beg of her to make one of the large Hosts, used for Mass, of a thicker quality than usual, since he had something special to ask of our Lord, and therefore wanted a longer interview than usual.

The infant and elementary schools presented no features of an extraordinary interest. Two things, however, which impressed the visitor may be recorded, though they might be found in an equal measure in any schools under Catholic management, especially if conducted by nuns. The children are the offspring of the refuse of society, and yet showed, in the polite manner in which they greeted all who came to see them, that their association with their gentle teachers was an education in itself, and although a large majority of them had no acquaintance with their own parents, their contented look was sufficient warrant that the prophecy was being fulfilled which says : " My father and my mother have left me, but the Lord hath taken me up."¹

In these schools there is no danger of overpressure, the constitutions of too many have been enfeebled by neglect during their infancy to allow of the smallest mental strain ; their studies begin only when their tiny frames have become strengthened by playing in the open air. When old enough to be taught a trade, each boy is instructed in one ; and when they are of an age to support themselves, they go into the world fitted to become useful and creditable members of society. If, however, they are desirous of remaining in the institution, and of helping others in the way they themselves have been helped, it is open to them to spend their lives in it, should they give proof of possessing the qualities indicative of a vocation. Such moreover as manifest superior talent, have been diligent and successful in their studies, and have a wish to become priests, are placed amongst the *Tommasini*, or Church students, and in due time may be aggregated to the Congregation of the Most Holy Trinity.

The girls, in like manner, when they have finished the elementary course, are promoted to more advanced studies, under the name of " Ursulines." They are thoroughly trained in needlework, and are taught how to perform the various duties that will fit them to become good servants or mothers of families. Should any of them be wishful to join one of the

¹ Psalm xxvi. 10.

religious congregations in the establishment, they are placed amongst the "Postulants," or "Probationers," to have their fitness tested.

The boys, during the early stage of their school life, are classed as *Luigini*; when their studies begin to be more serious they are placed under the *Tommasini*, and become *Fratini*. If these appellations seem mysterious to some, it may throw light upon them to explain that the *Luigini* are under the patronage of St. Louis, or Aloysius (Luigi) Gonzaga, and subsequently go by the generic name of all religious, "Brothers" (in Italian *Frati*), with the diminutive affix on account of their youth, which specializes their name as "*Little Brothers*," *Fratini*. Cottolengo's higher teachers amongst the men he called *Tommasini*, after St. Thomas of Aquin, to whom he ever entertained a great devotion, for he attributed to the prayers of this Saint, whom he invoked when unable to make progress in his theological studies, that they forthwith became easy and delightful to him. The girls, similarly, are classed amongst the *Luigine*, until they begin regular studies as *Genoveffe*, having St. Genevieve as their protectress, and when promoted to the most advanced studies, have St. Ursuline as their patroness, and take the name of Ursulines, *Orsoline*.

So far an account has been given of the school training of such children as are comparatively strong and healthy, and who are capable of joining the classes in the schools in their prescribed order. But something must now be said about the children who are unable to follow a regular course of study on account of their crippled, rickety, or scrofulous state. No one, it has been already observed, is rejected for whom application is made, and all are attended to and nursed with the most loving care. The eye-witness thus describes the hapless little ones whose diseases were beyond remedy :

"These poor little incurables, of whom I saw more than a hundred, have not as a rule the best of tempers, and the task of the Sisters who remain with them day and night requires almost superhuman patience ; and yet it is not only shown most perfectly, but an amount of gaiety is infused into their life which nothing but spiritual joy and heavenly love could call forth. The good Sisters are not satisfied with giving every necessary personal assistance to these poor little creatures, but seize upon their every better and more reasonable moment to teach them anything, religious or secular, which they are

capable of learning, and many of them leave the house with such education, or knowledge of some trade, as saves them from penury, and, what is more important, from the hopeless discontent which so often results from too much time to dwell upon their misery. Those who are so objectionable in appearance as to sadden or disgust their neighbours, and those who are dangerous to others, are kept quite apart, as also any that could be better instructed in a separate school.

"Children who are deaf and dumb have a sort of little village enclosed in a garden of its own, and in this they seem to pass a not altogether cheerless life. From the youngest to the oldest they manifested an intelligence which spoke well for their teachers. The little children came forward with unconcealed delight to write answers on the blackboard to questions put to them by the Sisters, and to some which I myself suggested, so that the possibility of their being asked routine questions was excluded, and they recited the Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Creed, on their fingers, with the greatest alacrity and accuracy. All of them were taught some trade, and I noticed that the ablest men in the printing and bookbinding department were deaf and dumb. These explained to me the use of the machinery in the most ingenious way.

"The wonderful order and bright cheerfulness in all the departments I had visited, excited my admiration for the 'Brothers' and 'Sisters' to a very high point. I knew that order was kept by moral, not physical, force, no corporal punishment being allowed, but when I came to a ward for epileptic patients my veneration knew no bounds.

"There were more than one hundred and fifty of these afflicted creatures collected together in the various wards apportioned to them, and they were attended according to their sex by 'Brothers' or 'Sisters,' who never leave them day or night, and at the first intimation of a seizure one remains to see to the person attacked, while the rest of the attendants divert the attention of the other patients and lead them away. All night long these good 'Sisters' and 'Brothers' pray in turns before the little altars in their respective wards, expecting every moment to be summoned to witness distortions and frenzies before which many even stout hearts might quail. Those told off for this duty must be physically as well as morally superior, and no one can help honouring to the utmost men and women who expend their youth, health, and strength

in a place where the only prospect open to them on this earth is the ever-recurring vision of this fearful malady. Could anything speak more eloquently of faith in a future state?

"Another infirmary and courtyard are set apart for those who are euphemistically called *Buoni Figli* and *Buone Figlie*—'Dear Boys and Dear Girls,' but are in reality idiots, pure and simple. They followed me about from room to room, some laughing stupidly, some dancing and singing, and some crying. Although their almost inarticulate murmuring was to me utterly unintelligible, the 'Sisters' and 'Brothers,' who live always amongst them, understood every sound in the most marvellous manner, and by words and gestures, well-known and quickly recognized, preserved order such as I could not have believed possible without physical restraint. There was nothing endearing in the yellow and flabby faces of the children, not seldom covered with eruptions, and yet the devoted attendants had an almost caressing manner with them, which could never lead the sufferers to suppose that they were in any way repulsive, and which struck me as being absolutely heroic.

"After seeing these poor creatures I concluded that I could not have to witness any sight more sad, but I was conducted into a garden where, the weather being fine, and the time the brightest hour of the day, were seated on chairs poor creatures who, besides other peculiarities making them quite unfit to associate with their fellow-men, were misshapen and monstrous to a degree that made one inclined to shrink from them in horror. Both body and chair were enveloped most decently in long cotton robes, but the heads gave evidence that they were little more than animals in human semblance, and the sounds they emitted led me to believe that I was in a cattle show, if not in a menagerie. I hardly could resolve to look at them, for fear of making them feel that they were objects of curiosity, but I gazed with intense interest and respect at the noble men and women who could endure the perpetual martyrdom of witnessing such horrors, and could consecrate their lives to alleviating them. Cottolengo called these poor creatures the 'Pearls of the House,' and spent much of his time in endeavouring to make their lot less hard, for they have sufficient reason to resent their misfortunes with the most violent ill-humour, if their thoughts are not guided into better channels, and sometimes they conceive an absolute horror of themselves.

"After the miseries I had witnessed, the cases that I subse-

quently inspected in the hospitals seemed relatively light and ordinary, though they were actually such as had been refused by the hospitals in the city. Here, as elsewhere, the cheerfulness with which the attendants performed their duties, and the interest shown in the patients seemed to me exceptionally great. The beds are divided from one another by curtains, and as I was passing down one of the men's wards, I saw a young 'Sister' coming out from behind a curtain with such a beaming face that I thought there must be some pleasing and interesting patient there. So I went to look, and found a leper whose face was almost eaten away, and whose pillows this noble woman had just been arranging with as much care and tenderness as if he had been her own father, or—as was most probably in her thoughts—as if she were tending our dear Lord Himself.

"I do not wish to run the risk of utterly exhausting your patience by telling you more of the wonders of this unique institution, but I must just mention the workshops. I visited several in which men are employed who, for their insubordination and vicious habits, could find no one to employ them outside, and who are here trained to labour submissively as no one would believe possible who has not faith in the efficacy of prayer, or who fails to realize that in very many cases kindness is more potent than harshness, and that many will allow themselves to be led who will not consent to be driven. These workmen make, repair, and put in place almost everything that is needed in this enormous establishment. They have even a smithy where iron is wrought. Within the last couple of years two large establishments have been entirely built by the inmates of the Refuge, one for the priests and one for the Sisters. Cottolengo was a great economist, and liked to have everything made in the house as far as possible, and in so doing he obtained two advantages, the first that of saving expense, the second that of greater contentment amongst his children; for he was of opinion that there is no better means of making people cheerful and satisfied, than letting them feel that they have done something useful. He had an unaffected respect for all poor people, and would never allow any one to treat them with rudeness, and this, next to the all-powerful stimulus of the continual remembrance of God's love and providence, was the secret of the 'Little Refuge' being a 'Happy Home.' He liked every one to remember that we live in the presence of the Almighty, and I noticed that in each

of the workshops the words, 'Thou, God, seest me,' were painted on the walls. That these words are no dead letter is evident from the nature and manner of the work done by each and all. In conclusion, would that there were more charitable institutions carried on in so perfect a spirit of faith and love, and may the 'Little Refuge of Divine Providence' prosper and send out branches that shall spread into other countries."

Few surely will refuse assent to this wish and prayer. Such charitable homes would help to solve the problem, What are we to do with our poor? But whether the hour has come for the appearance in our midst of another Cottolengo, is a question that cannot be answered hurriedly. It would require a great stretch of imagination to picture to ourselves a priest welcoming to his asylum all castaways, preferring the most unkempt, ungainly, filthy, and sickly—receiving all presenting themselves, in person, at the door, with his head uncovered, in token of respect for men and women made after the image and likeness of God—blessing them, praying with them, and then handing them over to the care of religious who will attend to their every want—living amongst them and with them, giving them the very clothes he is wearing. Such a day may yet dawn, for in the Catholic Church it has been proved, over and over again, that "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." And the story that has been told in these pages, though a very strange one, is, thank God, not too strange to be true.¹

W. H. EYRE, S.J.

¹ It is not a little strange also that the celebrated Don Bosco founded his orphanages for homeless children in the neighbourhood of Cottolengo's Refuge. At his death there were about three hundred thousand of these wasters, in two hundred houses, in Italy, France, and America. Cottolengo died in 1842.

A Visit to the Pearl Fishery Coast.¹

IN the extreme south of Hindustan, all along the Coromandel coast, from Tuticorin to Comorin, extends a line of villages half hidden beneath groves of lofty palm-trees. In December, 1887, I visited the greater number of these villages, my companions being the Rev. Father Michel, the Visitor of the Madura Mission, and the Rev. Father Barbier, its Superior.

It was on these shores that in 1542, St. Francis Xavier landed, clad in a threadbare soutane, his breviary under his arm, and a crucifix in his girdle. He had heard in Goa that the Paravers, who had recently been made subjects of the Portuguese Crown, had expressed a desire to become acquainted with the Christian religion, and he came to preach it to them. Every spot in this remote corner of the world recalls the memory of the Apostle of the Indies: here is a well, the waters of which, tradition says, sprang from the earth at his bidding; there a cave amid the cliffs where he was wont to pray, undisturbed by any sound but the murmur of the waves; elsewhere a church is pointed out of which he was the founder. The face of nature wears the same aspect as when the Saint climbed barefoot over the wave-washed rocks or sandy dunes and collected the inhabitants of the villages at the sound of a bell, to instruct them in the truths of religion.

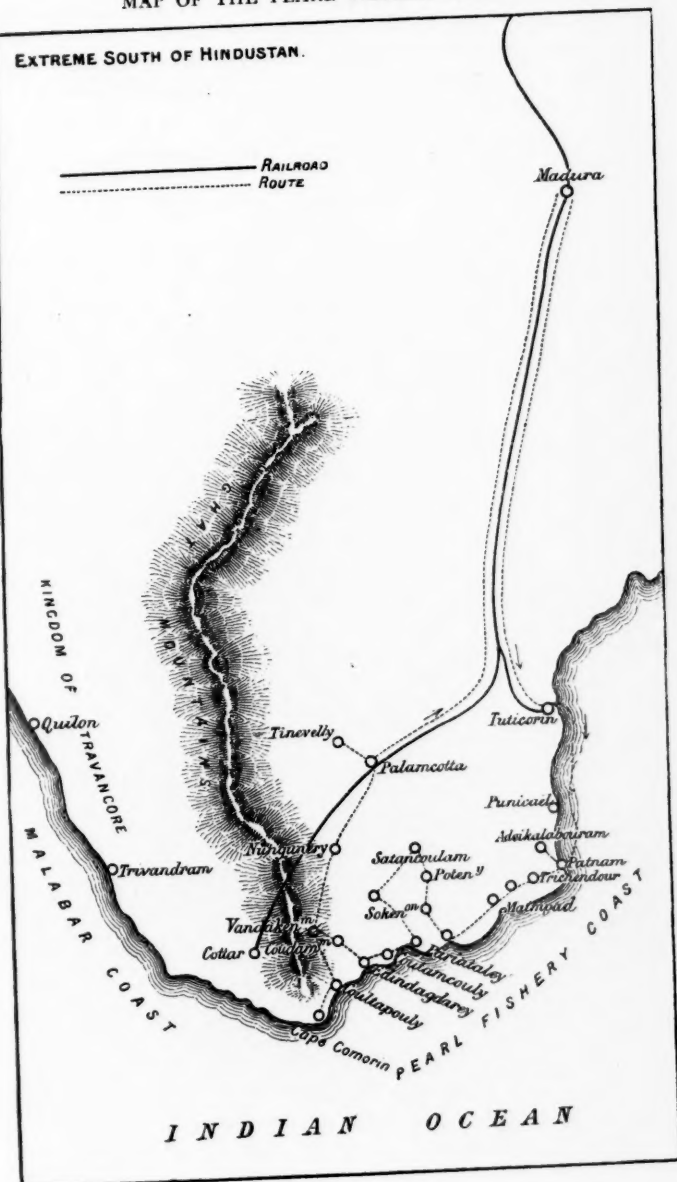
Everything on our journey seemed to revive the past; not unfrequently troops of children escorted us on our way, repeating their catechism, as their forefathers did in the days of St. Francis; and many a time a *tony*, or roughly-formed sailing-boat of native construction, similar to that in which he had approached these shores, served to transport us short distances along the coast. Above all his spirit still prevails among this little tribe of brave pearl-fishers who loved and venerated him as a father, and who have proved themselves his worthy children.

Whilst skirting the coast, we passed through several villages

¹ Translated, by the kind permission of Père Coubé, from the *Etudes Religieuses*, of January last.

MAP OF THE PEARL FISHERY COAST.

EXTREME SOUTH OF HINDUSTAN.



without pausing on our way, for we had descried from afar the minarets of a mosque or the pyramidal towers of a pagoda. No friendly cross, extending its arms to bless the inhabitants was discernible; we thus knew that no Paravers dwelt there.

Not without many a struggle have these valiant Christians kept the faith intact since the days of St. Francis. A small tribe, never numbering more than from 40,000 to 50,000 souls, surrounded on all sides by the enemies of their religion, they have not been perverted by the evil example of the heathen, the persecutions of the Mussulmans, or the persuasions of the Dutch. The Paravers have parted with their gold, and even with their life, but they have never relinquished their faith. Now the Mussulmans have learnt to respect a creed whose followers value it more than their own lives, the heathen can hardly resist the influence of the good example they behold, and as for the heretics, a few dilapidated towers alone record the fact that their futile edifices were ever raised on those shores. But the Catholic churches stand erect, and there they will stand, in all probability, as long as the billows break on the rocks at their feet. The Paravers are an interesting people. They form a caste apart, and for three centuries not a single Protestant, Mussulman, or heathen has been known amongst them. The name of Paraver is synonymous with that of Catholic.

When, leaving the coast, we entered the interminable groves of palm-trees which extend into the interior as far as the Ghat Mountains, we found villages peopled by a different race. Closely resembling the Paravers as they do at first sight, dark-skinned like them and equally indigent, descendants too like them of an ancient aboriginal population and speaking the same language, the Sanards do not however belong to the same caste, and possess characteristics which distinguish them from their neighbours. They are besides much more numerous and widespread, for although their home may be said to be in the extreme south of the Indian peninsula, they are met with occasionally in the north of the Madras Presidency, and beyond the Ghat range too, on the Malabar coast. To this latter region they are attracted by the advantages it offers for the cultivation of the palm-tree, the special occupation of the tribe. They alone in the south of India possess the right of cultivating this tree, of gathering its fruit, of weaving cloth from the fibrous tissue of its leaves, of climbing its slender trunk three times a day to collect the juice which exudes from gashes made

in the buds, and from which sugar or brandy is manufactured. The forests where his parents pursue their daily toil is often the birth-place of the Sanard; his cradle is formed of palm-leaves and is swung hammock-wise between two adjacent trees; his life is passed beneath the overshadowing branches of the palm; and, when life is done, it is at the foot of the palm that he finds his last resting-place. In fact, in the south of India, it is impossible to imagine palm-trees without Sanards, or Sanards without palm-trees.

It is to the successors of St. Francis, not to the Saint himself, that the Christians of this tribe owe their conversion. Although they reverence profoundly the Apostle of their country, they do not venture to call themselves his children, a title which the Paravers claim as their own exclusive right. Their evangelization progressed slowly until the middle of the present century, when the Mission of Madura was given to the Jesuits. They found the Sanards simple, honest folk, with hearts well disposed to the reception of the Gospel. At the present time there is not another tribe in the south of India which offers a more abundant harvest of souls, or gives greater promise for the future. Of late years, conversions have been made by thousands, and more than one young missioner cherishes the hope that he may live to see the day when the whole tribe will have become Catholic.

We visited on our way many other villages besides those of the Paravers and Sanards. At Vadakenkoulam we met with a cordial reception from the higher castes, the aristocracy of India. At Tinnevely, some thousands of Brahmans grouped round the principal pagoda, recalled to my mind the Brahmin pupils whom I had taught for two years at Trichinopoly. In another direction, pausing in a hamlet of pariahs, I had the opportunity of making myself acquainted with the manners and customs of this despised and outcast race. It is not my intention in these pages to confine myself to relating what I heard and saw in the course of my journey on the Pearl Fishery Coast; my simple narrative will include scenes and traits which have come under my observation in other parts during my residence in Hindustan. I shall thus be enabled to furnish a more complete sketch, and give the reader a better idea of the peculiarities and distinguishing characteristics of the more interesting of the various castes which people southern India. From the facts related some conclusions will be drawn relating to the future of Christianity in that country.

One thing specially struck me during my visit to these districts. Whilst passing through these heathen villages, where there was no inducement to us to pause, I noticed a cloud gather on the brow of the missionaries who were my companions. What was the reason of this? It was because in passing through regions not yet conquered in his Master's name, the heart of the missionary is saddened. He sorrows at the thought of these souls which are his rightful prey, and which he longs to snatch from the grasp of the enemy. On the site of each pagoda that meets his eye, he sees in imagination a Christian church, where the Holy Sacrifice of our redemption will be offered.

Seeing on the one hand the generous devotion of these zealous missionaries, whose only joy is that of gaining souls for Christ, and on the other the numerous conversions that take place, the edifying fervour of the infant Christian communities, one cannot help feeling that the fields are ripe for the harvest, and only some great movement is needed to bring the whole of India and its vast populations into the fold of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. Missionary effort has not been in vain in the lower stratas of society; the heaven is already at work in the countless inferior castes of which it is composed, and they would easily be won to the Christian faith, were they led by the example of those above them. The highest caste, the Brahmans, blush for the hateful absurdity of their dogmas, and yet struggle against the conviction of the truth which forces itself upon them. Whether they will yield to conviction, and rise up transformed by the voice of Christ, or whether they will continue to kick against the goad, and cling more closely to their debasing creed, we know not. At any rate, the proud Brahmin is gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the missionary's door.

I.

"You are just too late!" With these words I was received by Father Laventure when, at 2 p.m. on December 12, 1887, I alighted in the courtyard of the mission-house at Tuticorin. And yet I had made all the haste I could. At eight o'clock the evening before a telegram had been handed to me at Trichinopoly from the Father Superior, summoning me to the Pearl Fishery Coast. At midnight I started on my way; when I took my ticket, the railway-

station was thronged with a noisy crowd, hastening to escape from the town on account of the cholera which was raging there. I noticed one unhappy man, a heathen, who had been attacked by the dire disease ere he could step into the train, and who lay on the ground, writhing in agony, a piteous sight. I scarcely caught a passing glimpse as the train whirled along, of the vast plains of Marava and the splendid towers of the pagodas at Madura. And after all I arrived too late! "Never mind," added my host by way of consolation, as he took from me my baggage. "The Fathers left this morning for Punicæil. You can join them two days hence at Adérkalabouram. You have missed the enthusiastic reception which our converts gave them. But you will have the opportunity of seeing many others during the tour you are going to make with them, you lucky man."

The reception had indeed been a triumphant one. Father Michel had made his entry into the town borne aloft in a palanquin, amid an immense concourse of people. Arches had been erected along the route, decorated with branches of the cocoa-nut palm and heads of bananas, bent down by colossal bunches of their golden fruit. Every time he put his head out of the window to give the *asirvâdan* (blessing) all present, men and women, prostrated themselves on the ground, answering in words of prayer which were lost in a confused murmur. After that there was a rush towards the palanquin, each one jostling his neighbour mercilessly, in his pious eagerness to get near to the great *swami*.¹ Those who got close enough to catch his eye, smiled with simple familiarity, and walked along with hands uplifted and joined together, the manner of salutation in this part of India. Meanwhile the fifes and bagpipes were hard at work, guns were fired at intervals, and the pariahs kept up a monotonous beating of their tambours. This instrument is never seen in the hands of Indians of any other caste, since to all but the pariah, to touch the skin of an animal is defilement. Although I had come too late to be present at this reception, I afterwards had the opportunity of witnessing several similar ones, as Father Laventure told me I should.

Father Laventure has gained for himself quite an exceptional

¹ *Swami* signifies Lord in Tamoul, and is the name given to our missionaries.

position at Tuticorin. His energy and decision of character make him almost as important a personage at the Municipal Council, of which he is a member, as among his own flock of native Christians. Every one in the Paraver capital, from the King down to his little servant-boy, knows the sound of his stentorian voice, and is aware that it will be all the worse for him if he is caught tripping.

Tuticorin has a population of 40,000. The little houses are hidden beneath palms and cocoa-nut trees; here and there the belfries of one or two churches and the chimneys of the houses of a few English residents peep out from the mass of foliage. The principal wealth of the country consists in the palm-tree and the cotton-plant, besides the pearl fishery, of which I shall speak later on. The cotton trade is in the hands of the English. They have built large works, where the mountains of feathery cotton are compressed by steam into the bales which form the cargo of the Liverpool merchant vessels. The Catholic Church is a huge building, flanked by two square towers, the pointed decorations of which are somewhat out of keeping with the semi-circular arch of the porch.

Several times a year a retreat is given by one of our Indian Fathers, Father Silouré. About twenty or thirty men attend it; they take up their quarters at the house of our Fathers, where a tiny room is assigned to each, and they follow the Exercises of St. Ignatius for eight days, in complete silence. Many of these good Paravers practise mortifications worthy of the early Christians; all carry away with them from this retreat a deeply-rooted spirit of faith, which makes them excellent fathers of families and bears fruit in the next generation. The greater number make a resolution to receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of every month, others approach the Holy Table still more frequently.

Once one of the retreatants came after a meditation to the preacher and said: "*Swami*, I have a scruple. There is soon to be a fishing expedition in a spot infested by sharks. I shall have to drive them away, and I cannot do so without offending against God."

"How so?"

"I will tell you, *Swami*. From time immemorial the head of my family has been supposed to possess the power

of preserving the fishing-boats from the attacks of sharks. We do not do this by means of any incantations; our mere presence is enough. For my part, I own I am entirely unconscious of having any magical power to send these animals to sleep or keep them at a distance. But for nothing in the world would the fishers go out without me. Ought I to refuse to accompany them next time they come to fetch me?"

"My good friend, this appears to me very like a superstition. Is your courage equal to the occasion?"

"Yes, *Swami*, I understand. Very well, I will not go again."

Not long after this conversation took place, the time for the fishery came round. An Englishman rented it from the Government, and a band of fishers was engaged. On the day before a message was sent to our friend that he would be wanted to accompany them as usual. He refused point-blank. Thereupon the men one and all said they were resolved not to go to sea without him. The Englishman offered him a large sum if he would go, but the Christian stoutly declared that not for all the crown jewels would he depart from his resolution. The Englishman, in a rage, brought actions against everybody; against the fishermen because they were afraid of the sharks, against our friend for conspiring with them. The magistrate fined the men heavily for breaking their engagement, but acquitted the Christian, on the ground that no man could be compelled to act the part of a talisman. The tradition thus broken through dates from a remote period; Marco Polo mentions that in the thirteenth century there were in India charmers of sharks, who were well paid for their services.

Near the church is a convent, and a large and flourishing school conducted by Paraver nuns, Sisters of Our Lady of Dolours, for children of their own caste. Father Laventure took me to see it. Our visit was not unexpected, and earnest hopes were entertained that the strange *Swami* would photograph the whole school. In view of this the mothers had decked out their little daughters in all the finery they could lay hands on. Urged by feminine curiosity, a large crowd of women had assembled. A long white cloth, arranged with infinite grace, forms the whole of their picturesque attire, including the head-dress; it is relieved by a profusion of pearls and precious stones. They wore them in their hair, in their ears and nose, round their neck,

round their arms, and even on their toes. Amongst other curiosities, I noticed several necklaces composed of French louis d'or; some of them must have been worth 2,000 or 3,000 francs. All the wealthy Paravers wear the same coins as waistcoat buttons; I never discovered the reason why French louis are invariably preferred to English sovereigns.

Two or three times a year retreats for women are given in this convent, eight days of silence and seclusion. These are kept as strictly by the Paraver wives as by their husbands, and every one must acknowledge that this is far more meritorious on their part. Sometimes in her anxiety to share in the benefits of the retreat, a young mother will leave her infant at home, under the care of some relative or friend, who brings it three times a day to the convent to be nursed. The mother is called; she gives her child the breast and embraces it tenderly, and then gives it back to its guardian without a word. The cries of the poor baby at the time of departure are the only sounds which break the silence.

The Paravers are governed by a King, the chief of the caste. The English have, it is true, left him only a semblance of royalty, in addition to a liberal income, but they have not been able to rob him of the prestige he enjoys among his own people, who are much attached to him and for whom his word is law. The present King is an old man; his son being dead, one of his grandsons is the heir apparent. He is an exemplary Catholic.

The reigning dynasty is an ancient one. It has held its own against the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English, who have successively been masters on the Pearl Fishery Coast. At the time when the Dutch endeavoured to make the Paravers abandon their faith, a council of chiefs decreed that the first man who disgraced his tribe by embracing heresy should be punished with death. One Paraver, yielding to persuasion or intimidation, was seen to enter the Protestant temple. His indignant fellow-Christians hastened to inform the King, who, calling together a few trusty followers, armed with muskets, went to meet the delinquent at the door. The moment he appeared, a bullet stretched him lifeless on the threshold. Then the King and his men slowly retired, making their way through the awe-struck Dutch, who did not venture to lift a finger against the chief of men so determined.

The Pearl Fishery was formerly a source of considerable wealth to this coast. On the given day, hundreds of skiffs might be seen to glide swiftly to the banks assigned them, where during several days, the divers explored the bottom of the ocean, bringing back baskets full of pearl-bearing shells. A certain portion of the pearls was given to the Government, another to the King of the Paravers, and a third was presented as an alms to the Catholic missionary.

Father Alexandre de Rhodes, who in the course of his wanderings in Asia, was in 1622, wrecked on the Coromandel coast, speaks thus of this custom. "There it is," he writes, "that the famous pearl fishery is carried on. The inhabitants know the right time of year to collect these beautiful *tears of the Angels*, which are caught by oyster-shells and in their safe-keeping become solidified. The men are such good Christians that when the fishing is over, they generally come to the church and lay large handfuls of pearls on the altar. Among other things, I was shown a chasuble entirely covered with them. Even in that country it was valued at two hundred thousand crowns; I leave you to imagine what it would have been worth in Europe." It has been seen that the Coromandal coast was celebrated for its pearl fisheries in Marco Polo's time; it is also frequently mentioned in St. Francis Xavier's letters.

Of late years the pearls have lost much of their beauty and brilliancy. They are found to have a pinkish, blue, or greenish tint, which makes them less valuable than the Ceylon pearls. Two explanations are given of this change, one scientific, the other popular. Sir W. W. Hunter, author of the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, is of opinion that the works carried on for the purpose of facilitating the passage of large vessels through the Straits of Palk or Pamben may, by enlarging the space through which the water flows, have created currents detrimental to the existence and development of the pearl-bearing oyster. This theory appears a rational one. The Paravers account for the deterioration of the pearl in a very different fashion. "It was a Jesuit," they say, "who caused it." This they say sadly, but with no bitterness, adding: "He was not to blame for it, it is the just punishment of our sins."

The missionary in question was a certain Father Martin, who died in 1840. A man of singularly energetic character, he set himself with an inflexible and uncompromising determination to abolish the numerous abuses which had crept in among the

Christian population. But the much-needed reforms gave great offence, and the attempt to introduce them roused much opposition and ill-will. Father Martin had not a little to suffer from the rebellious and hostile spirit of his flock. One day, in grief of heart, he exclaimed : " Beware, O proud Paravers, how you make use of your wealth to sin against God ! Beware lest He in His wrath dry up the source whence you derive your wealth, and make the harvest of pearls to fail ! " A high opinion was entertained of their pastor's sanctity even by those who were most insubordinate to his authority, and great was the consternation caused by his prophetic words. It happened that almost immediately afterwards Father Martin was removed to another mission, and this served to heighten the general alarm. The chief delinquents threw themselves at his feet and kissed the hem of his robe, but it was too late. His prayer had been heard, and from that day forth the pearl-banks were cursed.

Many a time while I was sitting in Father Lavenant's room in Tuticorin, I heard joyful shouts proceeding from the grove of cocoa-nut trees which shaded his verandah, and presently some merry little fellows would burst in, their countenances beaming with joy, and their persons glittering with *louis-d'or*, exclaiming : " Father, I have passed, I have passed ! " I soon guessed some examination was going on. So it was : the Examiners from the University of Madras were going their rounds, and were then at Tuticorin. Father Lavenant's scholars had come off with brilliant success ; already on several previous occasions the Inspectors had spoken of his school in terms of the highest commendation. Here, as everywhere in India, the children manifest great aptitude and inclination for the acquisition of knowledge ; as a rule, a class of Indian children would be found far in advance of a class of Europeans of the same age. This is due to several reasons. For one thing, the light and brightness of the East is more conducive to the development of the intelligence than the fogs and gloom of the Seine or the Thames ; in these hot climates the mind as well as the body is more precocious. Then the Indian child has an inborn love of study, which is becoming more and more rare in the schools of France and England. One of my colleagues at Trichinopoly told me that, observing that a young Brahmin, one of his pupils, was suffering from an attack of fever, he urged him to go home and rest. The boy refused, saying : " Pray, Father, do not send me away. I cannot miss one of

your lectures, or I may fail in my next examination." The next day the teacher noticed that the boy looked even more ill than he did the day before, and he expostulated anew with him. "Father," he replied, "I have endured great privations in order to pay my school-fees, you cannot be so unkind as to forbid me to follow the lectures."

One of my own pupils, a Brahmin, used to work every evening until midnight by the light of a wretched cocoanut-oil lamp. This devotion to study often makes a large college present a singular sight. In the intervals between the lectures, the students may be seen, singly or in groups, walking up and down the long, light corridors, or standing about in the verandahs, reading their class-books aloud, making notes, or repeating their lessons. Habit has rendered them indifferent to the sound of their comrades' voices; very rarely is a laugh heard amid the general hum, and no master or prefect is needed to preserve order or keep the boys to their work. In the students' quarter of the city, one cannot go down a single street without meeting a youth poring over a book or conning his exercises. Can it be wondered at that such close application on the part of children, well gifted by nature, should give them the advantage over Europeans, who more often than not manifest a strong disinclination for study?

Finally and above all, the superior powers possessed by this race must be taken into account. One of the most undeniable of these is their astonishing gift of memory. Without exaggeration I can truly say that what in Europe would be considered remarkable feats of memory, are nothing out of the way in India. I once heard an Englishman, who had formerly been an examiner in Madras, relate examples he had met with which were almost incredible. It is quite an ordinary thing to hear lessons once read through repeated by heart, and to find mathematical problems, and the transformation of equations in algebra or trigonometry worked mentally in the space of a minute by comparatively young children. Every one accustomed to tuition will understand that powers of this kind give wonderful zest to the exercises of a class.

It may be asked whether the other mental powers are on the same par. I can safely affirm that the understanding surpasses, though not in so striking a degree as the memory, that of the average European child. Perhaps in the adult Indian this faculty is more brilliant than profound, and consists rather in

the power to master the various sciences than in originality and genius to pursue research and make discoveries. Children, too, are apt to trust too much to memory and neglect solid knowledge of things, but the blame of this is to be imputed to the programme of studies of the Madras University, which for multiplicity of subjects, is not excelled by that of Paris.

On the other hand, the Indian displays in arguing a subtlety of intellect peculiar to his race. Father de Nobili admirably described this character of the Indian mind when, writing to Cardinal Bellarmine, he said that in discussions with the Brahmins he was obliged, in order to refute their subtle sophisms, to fall back on the nice distinctions of the Schoolmen, which he had learnt in the College at Rome.

One often hears English people who have resided in India remark that the natives have no power of observation. I remember there was once an article in the *Madras Mail* on the subject, turning into ridicule the supposed absence of this faculty in the Indian, which raised a storm of indignation among the youths of our College. True enough, it not unfrequently happens that an Indian, reading an English novel or book of travels, or conversing with an European, will ask questions absurdly naïve, which look like levity or extreme superficiality. It must, however, not be forgotten that the manners and social customs of India are the very antipodes of European life, and thus, in intercourse with us by reading or conversation, the Indian comes into contact with facts and ideas wholly foreign and totally incomprehensible to him. All is intrinsically opposed to everything to which he is accustomed; he can form no conception of the machines, the furniture, the trees, the fruits, the every-day matters we talk and write about. How often when asked by young men to describe to them the gardens, the fields, the towns of France, have I been at a loss to find the means whereby to convey even a faint notion of them to their minds! What possible comparison is there between the corn-fields, the firs, the peaches, the pears of our country and the rice-plantations, the palms, the guavas and mangoes of India? What more hopeless task than to give an idea of snow to the inhabitants of a country where in the coldest months of the year, the temperature averages from twenty-eight to thirty degrees? I can still see the expression of blank astonishment on the faces of my hearers when I spoke of social life in London or Paris, and described how it was customary for the mistress of

the house to preside at the dinner table, and do the honours of her salon. In their homes the women never venture to sit down in the presence of their masculine relatives or guests, and eat the remains of their meal when they have left the table.

The weak side of the Indian character is their lack of all æsthetic sense. There are men brought up in the Colleges of Madras and Calcutta who could comment on Shakespeare and Milton in language as choice and as scholarly as a graduate of Oxford, but who have scarcely any appreciation of the real beauties of poetry. In music, painting, and sculpture, their inferiority is still more marked. If the ancient epic poems of India possess great merits—poetic beauty, equal it is to be hoped to their length and intricacy—at any rate the descendants of their authors show an unaccountable degeneracy in regard to artistic feeling.

The great Indian Colleges have seldom produced a scientist or savant, an engineer or historian of note. This may well be wondered at, seeing that the teaching in those Colleges is really good. People say that the impulse given to education by the English Government is too recent to have had any appreciable results. But there is another reason to account for the fact just stated. No man can devote himself to study and writing who has to work hard for his daily bread. Now a Hindu who has after eight or nine years of study gained his B.A. diploma, considers himself lucky if he can obtain a situation as clerk, or writer, or as an underling in some English house of business. He has neither leisure nor means to pursue his studies. Moreover, what would it profit him if he did? He is aware that he can never rise and obtain a good post, as these are monopolized by the English, to the exclusion of all but a very limited number of Hindus. Thus the ambition of a young man seldom aspires to anything higher than the attainment of a diploma which will secure him a modest maintenance.

The poverty of the great mass of the population, which renders it obligatory on almost every one to work hard for his daily bread, explains what I have said about the diligence shown by the scholars at their studies. Without a diploma they cannot get bread—or rather rice—and to obtain a diploma the closest application is indispensable, especially where at least three difficult examinations have to be passed, at compulsory intervals of two years, before the degree of Bachelor of Arts can be taken.

Education is viewed in several different ways in India. The natives, as has been said, look upon it merely as a means of getting a living. Missioners, both Catholic and Protestant, regard it as the most effectual means of propagating their religion. As for the Government, its attitude towards education has somewhat altered of late years. M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, in an interesting work on India, warmly congratulates England on having constituted herself the educator of India. It is doubtful whether at the present time the eulogium of the French savant would be wholly acceptable to the English nation. There is reason to fear that by so strenuously promoting education the Government has created a danger to itself. Every year some thousands of Indian students receive the diploma of Bachelor of Arts, a far greater number than there are posts to fill. Hence a large proportion fail to obtain employment, and a class of disappointed and discontented men is formed, a dangerous element in society. A project of reform has been started by which it is proposed to give material assistance and encouragement to agriculturists and retail traders, in view of reducing the number of aspirants to classical honours. It is doubtful whether this remedy will effect much good; at any rate it is well to see the English Government endeavouring to retrace its steps, and by withdrawing to a great extent the support hitherto so liberally bestowed on educational establishments, to slacken, if not to arrest, the movement it originated, and which it has promoted in every possible manner.

We have wandered away from the little school at Tuticorin, which suggested the above remarks. Near to it stands a Protestant school, for the Government, with a liberality that does it credit, holds the balance evenly in regard to religion. But the missioners on either side are well aware that the triumph of the one means the ruin of the other, and that the class-room is the arena wherein the battle is to be fought which will decide the religious future of India. This rivalry occasions a sharp competition most favourable to the interests of education. The Catholic College at Trichinopoly has, in the five years that have elapsed since its foundation, succeeded in completely casting into the shade the Protestant College of the S.P.G. missionaries in the same town. The number of pupils in the former has risen from 0 to 1200, whilst in the latter it has decreased from 800 to 400.

The Society of Jesus has always attached the greatest import-

ance to its Colleges all over the world wherever it has had the charge of missions. In the account of his travels (1622), Father de Rhodes thus speaks of their school in Tuticorin: "Our Fathers have a magnificent College in this town, it dates from the time of St. Francis Xavier, who was the first founder of the mission, and so successful a fisher of men that he gathered in a great harvest of souls, the true pearls which are to form the diadem of Jesus Christ." The traveller adds that he was received with extreme kindness by his brethren in religion. This excellent tradition is kept up in the Society to the present day, as I have good reason to know. I remained two days and a half at Tuticorin; when I left, Father Laventure gave me one of his disciples, an excellent lad, named Sousé Peter, to serve as my interpreter in villages where nothing but Tamoul was spoken. He had learnt English merely through living close to the school. Father Laventure also engaged the owner of a ship to take me by sea to Patnam, where he thought I was pretty sure to find the other Fathers.

The little town was scarcely yet astir, and a blue mist still hung over it, when early on the morning of the 13th of December a cart drawn by bullocks conveyed me to the harbour, where I took my place in a *tony*. The master of the boat and the oarsmen were all Christians, they had arranged a comfortable seat for me, over which they had spread the grandest cover they possessed, an old piece of canvas, with a pattern of red flowers. It had doubtless done service for many generations of travellers.

A few vigorous strokes of the oar carried us out into the open water. In the east a brilliant roseate light flooded the heavens; soon the edge of the sun's disk appeared above the horizon, and a few moments later the whole circumference rose into sight, a huge crimson ball. The wide sheet of water sparkled in the morning light; everything on shore became distinctly visible, and a light breeze stirred the tops of the cocoa-nut palms. Some native boats thrust out from the land and spreading their three-cornered sails, glided rapidly over the water, like swans unfolding their wings to greet the light of day. Our boatmen unfurled all their canvas, and a stiff breeze carried us swiftly southwards.

The Indian Ocean abounds in memories of the past. In the present day it is continually traversed by the peaceful vessels of the Tamouls, who go to and from Ceylon, or by the Singalese, who come to barter the produce of their land at Tuti-

corin. But in former times the Mussulmans from the mainland used to cruise along the coast, ever and anon making a sudden descent on the land, attacking the villages, slaughtering the inhabitants, and on the smoking ruins of the Paravers' dwellings establishing colonies of their own people. Many of these subsist to this day. In the sixteenth century the Portuguese vessels rode proudly at anchor in these waters, but no more illustrious traveller ever visited this region than St. Francis Xavier. As, sitting in the boat, I listened to the whistling wind, and gazed on the dancing waves as they came and went, and disappeared in the silvery track in the rear of our boat, I thought how he, sailing on these very same seas, at much the same distance from the shore, had heard the self-same sounds, and watched these little waves, which after dashing against the sides of the vessel, seemed to hurry away to the verge of the horizon.

Every now and then a turtle floated by, its scaly back just appearing above the rippling waves. Some of these creatures were of an enormous size, from three to four feet long. In the heat of the day they rise to the surface of the water, to breathe the warm air, and bask idly in the sun. Some of them lifted their clumsy heads to look at us as we passed them by.

Here, as on the coast of Ceylon, are found the loveliest shells in the world. In the vast depths of the ocean some mysterious action fashions these delicately-wrought conchifera, with their graceful spirals or semi-transparent valves, tints them with the most brilliant colours, or pencils on them the finest tracery. There the mother-of-pearl acquires her iridescent hues, her golden glow, and incrusts the lustrous pearl with her own substance. Then when the waters have done their work, they gently detach the beauteous shell from the tenacious seaweed, and after awhile cast it upon the sandy beach, where it glitters like a gem in the sunshine.

Tuticorin has disappeared below the horizon, but we are still in sight of land. On the west, the sea is encircled with a twofold girdle; below is a belt of yellow sand, silvered by the foam of the waves, sparkling with tiny crystals of ruby-red which reflect the sun's rays in all directions. Above this extends an undulating canopy of verdure, the feathery crowns of the palm-trees, swayed by the wind, and standing out clearly against a background of the deepest blue. The scaly stems

and drooping foliage of the palms, imparts to the scene a half-melancholy, half-indolent, and wholly Oriental character.

We passed Punicaël, one of the little villages dotted along the coast, scarcely discernible amid a mass of trees. I should like to have visited it, for it was there in 1549 that the first martyr of the Society met his death, Antonio Criminale, the friend and companion of St. Francis Xavier. Writing to St. Ignatius, the Apostle of the Indies describes him as a man of great sanctity, destined by God for the conversion of those countries, and equally beloved by the native Christians, the heathen, and the Mohammedans. One morning while Criminale was at the altar, it was revealed to him by what death he should glorify God. At the moment of the Communion, as he bent over the Sacred Host before consuming It, It appeared to be the colour of blood from a freshly-made wound. He understood at once that the celestial Victim who had been immolated for him, demanded of him a similar sacrifice. A few days later, a band of ferocious savages, who were laying the country waste, and massacring the Christians, entered the village. The priest, whilst exhorting his flock to be steadfast, was struck down by the spears of his invaders, and thus completed his sacrifice. The present successor of the martyr is an Italian Jesuit, Father Amirdanader, who is at the head of a flourishing mission in Punicaël. I heard that on his arrival there the day before, the Father Visitor found a pleasant surprise awaiting him, forty heathens who were candidates for Baptism.

Meanwhile we were quickly approaching Patnam, and in a short time the keel of our *tony* grated on the sand. The boatmen, whose only attire consisted of a white cloth wound round their loins, did not hesitate to jump into the water to get to land. But what was I to do? My white cassock and red shoes would not bear immersion. Two of the boatmen came to my rescue with a smile. Placing themselves side by side in front of me, "Sit down here, swami," they said; "and put your arms round our necks, we will take care of you." I seated myself cautiously on the ebony arm-chair provided for me, and in a few moments found myself on *terra firma*.

The village of Patnam is 'about five minutes' distance from the sea. Some fishermen and children who were lounging on the beach took me to it. We crossed a plain where some diminutive, miserable-looking sheep were feeding on the salt

grass. At the entrance of the village stands a tower of considerable height, a relic of the time of the heretical Dutch. The church adjoins it, and it is, if I mistake not, used as a sacristy. The mission-house is exactly opposite. I have, it is true, seen places even more poverty-stricken, but one must, I confess, be very firmly convinced that one is sent to preach the truths of the Kingdom of Heaven, before one could resign oneself to pass a life of exile, far from home and country, in such a hovel. The priest, Father Peyrel, received me with the utmost cordiality. "Sit down and take some refreshment," he said, "all my provisions are at your service."

Thereupon he opened his larder. In it there was salt, pepper, some crusts of toasted bread, the remnants of a loaf begun a month ago, and a bottle of wine which had already lasted two weeks, and which ought, in the ordinary course of events, to have lasted two more. Bread and wine are, as the reader is aware, unknown in Southern India. In the Indian's bill of fare, rice and water take their place. But the *pangou-swamis*¹ cannot at once accustom themselves to this regimen. Accordingly, *once a month*, a messenger from Palamcotta, the chief town of the district, goes a round to the various missions of the interior, and replenishes the commissariat of the missionary with a solitary bottle of wine, and a loaf of bread as hard as biscuit. This, with two eggs, constituted the repast set before me. I thoroughly enjoyed it, not only because three hours at sea sharpens one's appetite, but because the novelty of the situation gave an attraction and piquancy to this simple breakfast in a remote corner of India.

"Now that you have rested," my host said when the meal was ended, "we will start at once. My palanquin and bearers are waiting below; they will take you to Adéikalabouram, where you will find the Father Superior. I will follow on foot, I know every bush on the way."

I installed myself in the palanquin, and immediately felt myself hoisted on to the shoulders of four lusty young fellows. We plunged into a labyrinth of palms and thorn-bearing trees, whose tufted summits had exactly the effect of a parasol of green satin, lined with black silk. There was no road, not even a beaten track, through this delightful wood, but plenty of pools of water, through which my bearers thought nothing of wading, although the water came up to their waists. A

¹ The word *pangou* signifies district, or mission.

violent jerk, which made me feel as if I was falling into empty space, made me conscious of our return to dry ground.

Every one who has travelled in India will be familiar with the strangely modulated, monotonous song, or rather sound, which the bearers keep up for consecutive hours and even days. At nightfall, among the mountains, there is something about this sound which almost inspires fear, especially if it is answered from afar by a species of howling ape, which is a denizen of the Ghat Mountains. One cannot imagine that there is much music in this kind of chant, in which the voice does not rise more than one or two intervals. The European soon wearies of it, but it possesses an infinite charm for the ear of the Indian.

All manner of expedients are resorted to by travellers to avoid the unpleasant jolting experienced in this mode of conveyance. Some lie flat on their back on the floor of the palanquin, straitening their limbs and holding on fast by the doors on either hand. Others prefer to sit up in the centre, so as to sway with its motion, without striking against the sides. As for me, I tried both plans for an hour and a half with no result, and was heartily glad when I descried a church door through an opening in the tamarinds, and heard my attendant, Sousé Peter, who had run all the way behind my palanquin, announce that our destination was reached.

A group of children, clad in costume as simple as that of the angels of the Renaissance period, were at play on the open ground, their black bodies powdered all over with the white dust in which they were tumbling about. On the arrival of a strange Swami they all bounded to their feet, and leaving their games, ran to join the cortège. We entered the wide gardens of Adéikalabouran at a brisk trot.

As the little Sanards ran by my side they asked my blessing; then, growing bolder, they proceeded to ask me questions in Tamoul. Sousé Peter, jealous of his master's reputation, replied that I was a great Swami, and that I understood all other languages, but not Tamoul. Thereupon my youthful escort could not restrain their laughter. A man who could not speak Tamoul! who could imagine such a thing? True enough, they had never seen one, and their imagination could not conceive so extraordinary a personage.

However, as, despite my beard, I was not very formidable looking, they soon became free enough to look me in the

face. One of the party jumped up to the door of the palanquin on the right, and it must certainly have capsized, had not another clambered up on the left, and thus restored the equilibrium. They said very pretty things to me, at the meaning of which I could only guess, and to which I replied in a few broken words of Tamoul, thus provoking a fresh burst of merriment. At last we stopped before the bungalow of the Fathers; the chant of the men and the shouts of my young friends soon attracted Father Barbier to the door. With him appeared a kindly old man with silvery hair, Father Bouisson, the pangou-swami of the place. At their appearance, the voices were instantly hushed, and I went forward to greet the Fathers whose companion I was to be on their visitation.

E. COUBÉ.

Elephants, Past and Present.

THE largest existing land animal is the elephant. From the extraordinary thickness of skin which distinguishes this and certain other animals, naturalists have grouped them under the term pachyderms, which are still further divided according to other peculiarities. Thus the elephant is classed in the section *proboscidea*, from the enormous prolongation of the upper lip and nose, even the cheeks being merged into what is termed the trunk or proboscis. This formidable weapon is merely a long fleshy upper lip, provided with no less than forty thousand small muscles so variously interlaced and girded by delicate nerves, that the whole forms one of the most flexible organs that can be imagined. This double-barrelled tube ends in a fleshy finger opposite to a thick cushion, which may be compared to a thumb, and so acts as the animal's hand, with which he feels, tests, and grasps everything before him. With it he can pick up a pin, or root up large trees, gather a leaf, or tear off branches. The trunk also serves as a tube for holding liquid which he retains as long as he chooses, or takes into his mouth by inserting the end between his jaws. He also frequently uses it to squirt water over his body to cleanse and refresh himself, and to get rid of the numerous insects which are apt to lodge in his hide. The trumpet-like noise, indicative of rage, so remarkable in the elephant, proceeds from the trunk, while the same instrument serves to express its feelings, for it bestows caresses with it as tenderly as a human mother strokes her infant, and employs it to dash its enemy to the ground before trampling him under foot. It is usually carried, raised high in the air to avoid contact with any hurtful substance, and is thus carefully preserved from injury.

The immense head and the huge body required to sustain the weight of this prodigious organ gives a heavy, clumsy appearance. The skull, indeed, would be too weighty to

support the tusks if it were not diminished by the hollow cavities in front, which make it almost a vain attempt to try to kill an elephant by shooting him in the forehead, as the ball is apt to lodge in these cells. Moreover, they so protect the brain that fearful buttings are practised with impunity. The great framework is necessary in the male elephant to bear the large tusks of smooth white ivory, which grow out from the upper jaw to a length of more than six feet on each side, and weigh from eighty to a hundred pounds; they are smaller in the Indian species.

The remarkable teeth of elephants consist only of one large grinder on each side in each jaw and appear like a bundle of smaller teeth fastened together by intervening and surrounding plates of enamel. These grinders are frequently changed, as long as the jaws continue to grow, and even later; the new form behind the old ones and push them out. The sense of smell and hearing are very acute, the ears are large and pendulous. The great size of the head causes the eyes to appear small. The limbs, of colossal strength and thickness, which sustain this enormous weight are particularly straight, each bone resting vertically on that beneath it. The toes are enclosed in a thick pad. The tail is small in circumference, flattened at the end, with stiff bristles at the extremity. The skin is generally dark-coloured and rough, having a few scattered hairs upon it. The stomach being similar to that of the camel, contains a reservoir capable of holding ten gallons of water. The usual height is nine to ten feet, and some have attained fourteen feet.

The primitive elephants—the mastodon and the mammoth—greatly exceeded in bulk any existing species, but the most marked difference is to be seen in the size and shape of the tusks. The animal that carried a pair of these tusks, three yards long, like those of the Ilford specimen in the British Museum, must have been endowed with enormous strength. Still larger must have been the owner of the tusk dredged from the bed of the Channel off Dungeness, which measured nearly three yards in length and two feet and a half in circumference at the base, while the heaviest tusk of an Indian elephant ever known—an old male killed by Sir Victor Brooke—measured only eight feet and weighed ninety pounds, whereas more than one tusk from Siberia has been found to weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. The mammoth is the only extinct animal that

has been preserved in a perfect condition for the examination of man. In all other remains scientists have to deal only with the hard portions—the bones, teeth, scales, &c., but the entire mammoth has been preserved in the ice down to recent times ; its flesh has supplied food to wolves and bears in our own time. Long ages ago, when the monkey and opossum were playing in the great forests of England, these huge elephants with four tusks were roaming over Europe, Asia, and America.

In a later epoch the hairy mammoth wandered up to Siberia and the extreme north of America, and the true elephant, such as are to be found to this day in tropical climes, ruled the world. But in the gradual change of climate which swept over the whole northern hemisphere, the tropical animals were driven away or died. However, some of the elephants certainly stood their ground in Europe and survived at least one of the glacial periods ; their remains having been discovered in deposits of undoubted post-glacial age, and Professor Boyd Hawkins proves that they were living in Cheshire, the south of England, the region now covered by the Northern Sea, and in Scotland, before the deposition of the boulder clays of glaciers and icebergs. Of all the species of extinct animals the mammoth was by far the most numerous, as is evident from the enormous quantity of their tusks brought annually from the Siberian rivers and the shores of islands in the Arctic Ocean, and the large amount of ivory shavings and gelatine used in the preparation of jellies in every capital of Europe ; so that we are still feeding upon the animals which existed before the creation of man !

It is difficult to realize at this day that the colossal elephants were once familiar objects in the Thames valley, in company with the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and sabre-toothed lion. How numerous they were is shown by the brick-earth at Ilford, in Essex—which has disclosed fossils of a hundred mammoths, eighty rhinoceroses, and several specimens of the hippopotamus, probably brought together by the floods in a bight of the river, when the Thames extended into the county of Essex. The mammoth found on the banks of the Sena in 1881, the skeleton of which is now at the Museum in St. Petersburg, was one of the most perfect specimens. It was embedded in a colossal mass of ice, where it had remained for thousands of years, its flesh and woolly hair entirely preserved, its skin was a dark grey colour, covered with curling fawn-coloured hair. In the lower part of

the body the colour was reddish-brown, with black bristles thicker than horse-hair, standing out more than a foot in length, and there was a long flowing mane on its neck. Its hair weighed more than thirty pounds, the head and tusks four hundred and fifteen pounds, and the hide was so heavy that it required ten men to carry it from the iceberg to the shore.

The specimen discovered by Lieutenant Behendorf, washed out of a bog, when the ice melted in the river Indighirka in 1846, was undoubtedly one of the last of its race, as its huge frame had been reduced by subsisting on the scanty fare afforded by the young fir shoots, found in the stomach. It seems that the animal trusting its weight to the treacherous morass, was suddenly entombed to remain for centuries beneath the frozen soil.

The favourite haunts of wild elephants are the depths of vast forests, where they feed on branches and come forth in the cool of the night to pasture in the more open grounds. They delight in abundance of water and like to be near a lake or river, where they will stand for hours together sucking up the water with their trunks and spouting it all over their bodies. They swim with the head and body under water, the trunk alone being visible.

Elephants live in herds; sometimes several herds congregate together in the same forest. Each herd has a leader, the largest and most powerful animal of the group. He exercises considerable control over the movements of his party, giving the alarm in case of danger, and apparently examining and deciding for the whole company as to the desirableness of proceeding in any particular direction. On account of his huge tusks the leader is first attacked by the hunter, upon which the other males valiantly step forth to protect him, the mothers and young ones being placed in the midst, and if driven to extremity the champions push their captain into the centre, and crowd so eagerly to the front that some of them must be slain before he can be reached. Sometimes in a herd of several hundred they march in single file, and the path they thus make becomes as smooth as a gravel walk, and quiet and harmless as these animals ordinarily are, no one dares to attack them when marching through the forest. In their native condition they eat fruits and the young juicy roots and branches of trees. Those brought to Europe are chiefly fed on hay and carrots, the amount of food consumed by each one in a state of captivity is

about two hundred pounds daily. What then must be the quantity of food required for the daily sustenance of the thousands of these colossal eaters who abound in their native forests? The settlers complain bitterly of the destruction occasioned to their crops by the elephants, who sometimes seem to commit mischief from mere wantonness and frolic. But they are most useful in transporting artillery and heavy baggage, and in helping to build bridges, houses, and churches; while their docility and obedience to rule, even when left to themselves, is declared to be perfect.

Thus we see that in the higher animals not only does the parental affection, which marks the beast of prey, tend to their preservation, but that in the gentler vegetarians, the instinct of herding together for protection, has developed a sympathy and fidelity which extends beyond the family affection and courage, and a habit of mutual help and dependence, which is a law of life as strong if not stronger than the law of force and selfishness.

The elephants of Ceylon are considered the most intelligent, and instances of their memory are quite extraordinary. Many cases are recorded of tamed elephants having joined some wild herd and on being recaptured after some years, returning at once to all the old habits formed under previous domestication. Mr. Corse mentions one which, after having been tamed two years, ran wild for fifteen, and on being recaptured, remembered in all details, and obeyed the various words of command. Another broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. It was supposed that he had sold the animal, and he was dismissed in disgrace. About twelve years afterwards, he was ordered into the country to assist in catching wild elephants. He fancied he saw his long-lost beast in the group before him, and in spite of all remonstrances, he rushed up to her. She knew him, and giving him three salutes by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him on her back. Then she assisted in securing the other elephants, and likewise brought to him her three young ones, who had been born during her absence. By her return, the keeper regained his character, and to recompense him for the past, an annuity was settled on him for life.

Elephants are wonderfully sensible to the praises and caresses of their masters, and will make extraordinary efforts to please them. An Englishman who performed many long

journeys upon an elephant, says, that whenever he wished to make a sketch, the docile creature would stand perfectly still till his drawing was finished, that if he wanted some ripe fruit that was growing out of reach, it would select the most fruitful branch, break it off and offer it to him with its trunk. If he gave it some of the fruit for itself, it would thank its master by raising its trunk three times over its head, making a gentle murmuring noise as it did so. When its master was at breakfast the elephant used always to come to the tent door to be cheered by praises and caresses, and to receive a little fruit or sugar-candy.

Elephants never forget any insult or unkindness done to them, even in teasing, and are sure to take an opportunity of revenging themselves. Captain Ship tested this by giving to one a sandwich of bread and butter with cayenne pepper; six weeks after he again visited the animal and fondled it as he had been accustomed to do. At first no resentment was shown, but, watching his opportunity, the elephant soon filled his trunk with dirty water, and drenched the Captain from head to foot. In a menagerie at Bath, some years ago, there was a large good-natured elephant. A baker amused himself by pretending to give it a cake and then withdrawing his hand. The elephant bore this patiently for some time, but at last it was angry and putting its trunk out of the cage, caught the baker round the waist, and lifting him to the top of the caravan, bumped his head with great force against the roof. Every one thought the man would be killed, but at length the animal loosened its trunk and dropped him to the ground in the midst of the people, where he lay stunned for a minute or two, and then got up and walked away unhurt. The indignation of elephants at being laughed at or deceived is undoubted. At the Jardin des Plantes an artist was sketching one of the elephants with his trunk in the air and his mouth wide open. The keeper after having thrown fruit in for some time, pretended only to do so, till the animal became so irritated, that, seeing the artist was the cause of his annoyance, he turned upon him and completely drenched his drawing and destroyed it.

On the other hand, kindness is equally remembered. A somewhat awkward proof was given to a lady who was accustomed to carry bread and apples to a male elephant. To show his gratitude, he took her up one day, and seated her on his back. Not enjoying this mode of expressing his feelings

she shrieked for assistance, but was advised by his keepers not to stir, and she had to wait till he again encircled her with his trunk, and safely put her on the ground again. A poor woman in India had a stall in the market-place, and sold fruit. An elephant used to pass her stall frequently, and stopped to look at the fruit with such longing eyes, that she often gave him some. One day, having been ill-used by his keeper, he fell into a passion, broke loose and ran through the market, trampling down everything before him. As all the people ran off in alarm, this poor woman left her stall and ran away too. But in her fright she forgot for a moment that her infant was sitting on the ground close to the stall. It was in the infuriated animal's way and in an instant would have been trampled to death, had he not recognized the child and the stall, where he had so often been regaled with fruit, and notwithstanding his rage he stopped, looked at the infant, picked it up, and setting it out of his way, passed on. Elephants are so devoted to children that they often allow themselves to be governed by a mere child, who may even act as their keeper. Their generosity is shown by their frequently not merely sparing the lives of the small animals thrown into their dens, but protecting them and becoming affectionately attached to them, of which many instances are recorded.

The emotion of sympathy is very strong in them. Bishop Heber saw an old elephant fall down through weakness, and another was brought to assist the fallen one to rise. Heber was struck with the almost human sympathy manifested by the second elephant, on seeing the condition of the first. A chain was fastened round the neck and body of the sick animal, which the other was directed to pull. He began by pulling strongly, but on the first groan of his unfortunate companion, he stopped, turned fiercely round with a loud roar, and with trunk and forehead began to loosen the chain from the neck. The following anecdote is related by an officer who witnessed the deed: It happened at the siege of Seringapatam, that an artilleryman who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, fell off in such a position that in an instant the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant who was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the danger to the man, without any sign from his keepers, lifted up the wheel with his trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

Of their attachment to each other a striking proof was given by two elephants at Paris, who had with difficulty been separated during their journey from Holland. They were placed in two compartments, divided by a gate. The male soon discovered that this was only fastened by a perpendicular bolt, which he raised, and then rushed into the other part. The joy they manifested on meeting, can scarcely be described. Their shouts of delight shook the whole building, the air blown from their trunks was like blasts from smith's bellows. The female moved her ears rapidly and showed in various ways her affection for her friend. She kept the end of her trunk motionless for some time close to his ear, as if breathing into it assurances of her attachment to him. The two animals were afterwards kept in the same compartment, and their attachment was never again interrupted. A poor little calf elephant hovered about the body of her mother, who had been killed, making the most mournful noises. They had been left behind by the herd and passed the night in the forest. When the hunters came up the poor young creature rushed to them, entwined her little trunk about their legs, and showed her delight at their arrival in various ways, then ran to the body of her mother, scared away the vultures, and with every mark of grief tried to raise it with her trunk.

Elephants often form strong and tender attachments to human beings. A tame elephant in the Jardin des Plantes took a great liking to a little girl who used to walk there every morning with her nurse. It constantly happened that she and the elephant met together, and not only did he evince the greatest care to avoid trampling on her, but if she were going the same way would gently insinuate the end of his trunk under her arm, lovingly rest it there, and walk by her side. Cuvier tells of another in the same gardens, which had been confided at three years of age to a youth, who petted and taught him various tricks. The animal soon became strongly attached to him, and was not only perfectly obedient to all his commands, but was unhappy when out of his sight, rejecting the kindness of everyone else, and could hardly be persuaded to take food from any other person. At length it was sold to the Government and placed under another keeper, who neglected his charge and often goaded it brutally. Its naturally cheerful disposition gradually changed, it was still obedient, but its exercise no longer gave it pleasure. It sometimes appeared to

become impatient, though it tried to repress its feelings. Its keeper became more cruel to it than ever, and one day he struck the animal with such brutality that it uttered a furious cry, and the frightened keeper fled. It was well he did so, for from that moment the elephant could not endure to see him, always becoming violent the moment he appeared, and never regaining its former docile temper. Hatred had succeeded to love, rebellion to obedience, and as long as the poor animal lived these feelings predominated.

Elephants have been known to grieve so much at being parted from their keeper, that they have refused to eat and have pined to death. The records on this point are almost unequalled in those of other animals, and the fatal consequences of excessive grief are the more remarkable, when we remember their great longevity and vitality. Their almost human tenderness is frequently conspicuous. We are told of one who, on being ordered to walk over the bodies of some sick men, refused at first to advance, and then, on being goaded by his driver, gently lifted the poor men up with his trunk and laid them on one side, so that he could not hurt them. The wife of an elephant driver was in the habit of giving her baby in charge to an elephant. The child would crawl about, often getting under the animal's huge legs, at others becoming entangled among the branches on which he was feeding. On these occasions, the faithful creature would gently disengage the child by lifting it up or removing the bough. The elephant was chained by the leg to the stump of a tree, and when the infant had reached nearly to the limits of his range, he would reach out his trunk and lift it back, as tenderly as possible, to the spot whence it had started.

The elephant not only enjoys a joke, but often play tricks upon those around him. The cell of one of the elephants of the *Jardin des Plantes* opened into an enclosure in the midst of which was a pond. Here he used often to hide himself so completely that nothing was visible but the end of his trunk, and even that could hardly be detected. Crowds would assemble round the enclosure watching for him to come forth, when all at once a copious shower would assail them, and every one fled for shelter to the neighbouring trees, and looked at the cloudless sky wondering from whence the shower had come ; till, directing their eyes to the pond, they saw the mischievous creature standing in the midst, evincing an unmistakeable but awkward

joy at the trick he had played them. On one occasion two drivers with their elephants, the one large and strong, the other comparatively small, met at a tank. The smaller elephant had been provided with a bucket, which he carried at the end of his trunk. The larger one seized the bucket and wrested it from the other, who watched his opportunity, and when the elder was standing close to the tank he rushed forward with all his might, pushed him into the tank, and then stood by evidently enjoying the disaster. The victim, however, was by no means disconcerted, and kept floating about at his ease and evincing no wish to come out of it, though twelve hours elapsed before the difficult task of landing him was accomplished.

Elephants show marvellous fortitude under pain, and willingness to undergo surgical operations. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, gives the following instance. An elephant belonging to an officer in his diocese, had a disease in his eyes which deprived him of sight. His owner consulted a physician, who decided to try the effect of nitrate of silver. The animal was made to lie down while it was applied, the acute agony wrung from him a terrific roar. But the application was so successful that in a few hours the elephant could partially see. Whereupon the doctor proposed to operate on the other eye, the docile creature was brought out, and on hearing the physician's voice laid down of his own accord, placed his head quietly on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath, like a human being about to endure a painful operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by various gestures showed that he wished to express his gratitude. Their patient submission and good sense has often been remarked in surgical cases. An elephant which had been severely wounded in battle, not only submitted to have his wounds dressed, but, after the first time, used to go alone to the hospital, and extend himself so that the surgeon might easily reach the injured part. Though the pain was so intense that he uttered most plaintive groans, he never attempted to interrupt the operator, but manifested every token of submission till the cure was effected. Indeed nothing can exceed the patience with which they swallow the most nauseous medicines of the native elephant doctors.

Some troops in India had to cross a steep and rugged hill, which could only be done by cutting away portions and laying trees to fill chasms. The first elephant conducted up to this roughly formed road shook his head and roared piteously, and

when after much difficulty he reached the top, his satisfaction and relief was most apparent. A younger elephant had to follow, the elder watched his ascent with the deepest interest, making signs as though to help him. As the latter arrived near the top his companion extended his trunk to assist his distressed friend, and the younger instantly entwined his round it, and was thus drawn safely to the top. Upon which the elder expressed his delight by giving a salute very like the sound of a trumpet, and there was as cordial a greeting between the two companions, as if they had been long separated. After having mutually embraced each other, they stood face to face for some time, as if whispering their congratulations.

Elephants also manifest a strong sense of humiliation under reproof. In punishing them, some attendants stop their allowance of food, others restrain them from eating their own share till their companions have finished. In such cases the consciousness of degradation, betrayed by the dejected look and attitude of the culprit, is sufficient to excite the sympathy of all around them.

In the course of some experiments made in Paris it was found that elephants were extremely sensitive to music. They ceased eating, though provided with their favourite food, and were completely absorbed in their attention to the band. A bold and a warlike symphony excited in them turbulent agitation, varying from violent joy to rising fury. A soft air performed on the bassoon soothed them to gentle and tender emotion, while on the other hand a gay and lively one moved them to demonstrations of sportive sensibility, other variations producing corresponding changes in their emotions.

Elephants whose tempers have been fretted by a succession of injudicious keepers, are sometimes seized with a ferocity which renders them wholly untractable, so that it has been found necessary to kill them. This has occurred twice in England, once with the celebrated animal at Exeter, and again at Liverpool, where the furious beast slew his keeper.

The higher mental faculties are said to be more developed in the elephant than in any other animal. This judgment is corroborated by the following facts. An engineer in Ceylon some years ago, had to lay pipes to convey water nearly two miles, over hills and through woods, where there were no roads. He employed elephants to help him, and it was most interesting

to watch the way in which these engineers did their work. Lifting up one of the heavy pieces of pipe, each animal would march off with his load and carry it safely over every obstacle to its destination. On reaching the spot he would kneel down and place the pipe exactly where the master wished. One day when one of them found it difficult to get one of the pipes fitted into another, he went to the end of the pipe and putting his head against it soon forced it into the exact place. On another occasion, an elephant was seen to step back a few yards as if to see whether it had laid a block of stone straight, and not satisfied, he returned and pushed it right into the exact place. Perhaps the greatest proof of the sagacity of the race is shown by the female decoy elephant, in capturing the male elephants from the herds, of which so many marvellous stories are related, where, though working for men, she is not directed by any voice or sign. And in this delicate task she is often allowed to proceed alone to accomplish by various stratagems the treacherous errand into which she enters so heartily, and in general with such remarkable success.

One evening, Mr. G. E. Peal observed a young elephant go to a bamboo-stake fence and pull up one of the stakes, place it under his foot, break off a piece with the trunk, and after lifting it to his mouth, throw it away, and then draw another stake. At last, having chosen a piece that suited, he held it firmly in the trunk, and stepping the left foot well forward, passed the cane under the armpit and scratched himself. Whereupon a large elephant-leech fell to the ground, six inches long. Such scrapers are commonly used by elephants. Many similar adaptations of means to an end have been observed in the elephant, as, for instance, the covering of his sun-heated back with newly-mown grass, taken up by trunkfuls until it was completely thatched. When tormented by flies he will carefully select a young shoot, and neatly stripping the stem from all the under branches leaving a fine branch at top, he will lay hold at the lower end of the fan thus prepared, flapping it on either side, and so keep the flies at bay as he passes on. Surely these were implements intelligently prepared for a definite purpose. Their cunning contrivances to escape detection are often amusing; one (who was chained at a short distance from the place where his keeper had constructed an oven and covered it over with stones and grass, leaving his rice cakes to bake during his absence), watched the departure of the

attendant, then with his ever-useful trunk, unfastened the chain from his foot, uncovered the oven, ate the cakes, re-covered the oven with the stones and grass, and returning to his place, actually twisted the chain round his foot, that it might look the same. He then stood with his back to the oven till the keeper returned, and found all things apparently as he had left them—but the cakes gone. Noticing the elephant slyly watching him out of the corner of his eye over his shoulder, he detected the culprit. The whole occurrence was observed from the windows by Mr. Townsend, who relates the story, with which we must take leave of these intelligent animals.

Reviews.

I.—DEPENDENCE.¹ (SECOND NOTICE.)

AN unfortunate misprint in the notice of *Dependence* in our last number made us appear to condemn in the author what it was our desire to commend. The book contains an admirable defence of Liberius, and our intention was to express belief that it would cause many readers to feel that they had too hastily accepted the fall of this Pope. By the change of "accepted" into "answered," we were made to suggest that Mr. Rivington's defence had been too hastily composed. While regretting the mishap we must nevertheless regard it as in one sense a *felix culpa*. It furnishes a pretext for a second notice. The hurried inspection of the sheets, which was all we had to go by last month, was enough to show that the book was well written and interesting. But a maturer judgment reveals to us that in *Dependence* we have obtained a work of exceptional value, one which will be of great assistance to us in our endeavour to bring the truth home to earnest Anglicans. To begin with, it is full of *actualité*. The choice of topics is not dictated by abstract considerations, but by the author's knowledge of the actual "defences" in which High Churchmen put their trust. That St. James was exalted over the head of St. Peter to the presidency of the Council of Jerusalem; that the Council of Chalcedon, in a canon which obtained œcumenical acceptance, treated the pre-eminence of the Roman See as the creation of ecclesiastical legislation: that the histories of Liberius and Honorius are in patent conflict with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; that the self-same doctrine has at all events been hopelessly discredited by the evil life and government of Alexander the Sixth; and on the other hand, that the English Reformation settlement was wrought by the spontaneous action of the clergy, influenced

¹ *Dependence: or the Insecurity of the Anglican Defence.* By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

by sad experience of the realities of Papal usurpation, and fully convinced that they were only using their just ecclesiastical rights, that if the Anglican Branch has its difficulties, they are not greater than those of the Roman Branch, nor serious enough to justify abandonment of the communion "in which God has placed us;" that the life of a man like Dr. Pusey is evidence that the Church of England can provide her children with the means of grace, and a reproach to the impatience of those who would seek it elsewhere; that England is not more in schism now than Africa was in the fifth century, when her Bishops declined to permit Papal interference in African affairs—these seem to Mr. Rivington to be the chief props on which the party at present place "dependence;" and accordingly they form the subjects of his several chapters.

His treatment is all that could be desired; compendious yet at the same time solid and convincing; highly condensed yet clear and forcible; in close relation with the primary authorities without losing the effectiveness of life-like presentment. Dr. Littledale has recently published a book called *Petrine Claims*, in which he is at times occupied with the same topics as Mr. Rivington. Any one desirous to observe the contrast between genuine and sham history could not do better than read together the respective accounts by these two writers of the cases of Liberius, Honorius, Apiarius, Alexander the Sixth, or of the Councils of Jerusalem and Chalcedon. Even before applying the test of comparison with authorities, it would be possible to form a judgment from the stamp of character which each account bears upon its face. Another characteristic of *Dependence* which is likely to make it a favourite with readers is the charm of personal narrative which pervades it. The prominent Anglican clergyman whose pamphlet chiefly motivated its composition, starting from an incidental remark in *Authority* which he misapprehended, commented on the insufficiency of the reasons which he supposed Mr. Rivington to have put forward as those which led to his conversion. "See the sort of reasons which have induced the latest pervert to abandon the Church of his Baptism," was an improvement of the occasion intended to take its place among the "defences" of Anglicanism and do duty in retaining doubters for some time to come. Mr. Rivington did well to attack the fable at its birth; and we have gained the advantage of an insight into the workings of a candid mind in its gradual progress towards the full truth.

Where so much is valuable it is hard to select matter for special remark. However, in addition to the points signalized in our previous notice, we would call attention to one or two others of importance. The main facts relating to the controversy about Liberius are known. Mr. Rivington's merit is that he marshals them so forcibly in his brief space. To convey an idea of this kind of excellency in a short criticism is not possible. But as the most serious evidence adverse to the Pope is contained in the Fragments of St. Hilary, and Dr. Littledale is at the moment assuring his readers that Bishop Hefele and Stilling the Bollandist, "a peculiarly unscrupulous writer," are the only persons who have called its authenticity in question, it is interesting to learn that Canon Bright, who in 1860 accepted them himself, and merely noticed that "Baronius thinks these expressions (the anathemas in the fragments) spurious," had by 1881 come to the conclusion that "both (fragments) are probably forgeries."

No attempt is made to defend the legitimacy of the children of Alexander the Sixth; nor even to defend this Pope completely from other charges. All that Mr. Rivington contends for is, that the charges rest upon suspicious grounds, and are probably much exaggerated: that even if true they are in no sense incompatible with the high claims of the Papacy, and were certainly not accounted such by his contemporaries:

It is no part of my argument that he was free from fault. That there is nothing really proved against him of a compromising character, from a moral point of view, during his Pontificate, I am myself profoundly convinced. I am aware of the Bull concerning Giovanni Borgia, and of a single passage in Burchard which seems to be confirmed by it. But we need some further evidence to clear up the confusion that exists on that matter. It is, however, as a Pope rather than as a man that we have to consider him, and it seems clear that in that age the Apostolic See did not suffer that diminution in the eyes of men which is often supposed.

The last sentence is well supported by one from an early continuator of Platina, almost contemporaneous with Alexander, who describes him as "a man whom one could rarely find otherwise engaged than in reading books, or in Divine worship, or the work of Christ, considering nothing so bad as loss of time." There can be no doubt that this Pope was an active and hard-working man; and if he had his hand in wars, the deliverance of the domains of the Holy See was recognized

by all Popes to be a grave duty of their office. There seems also no doubt that he enjoyed the esteem of a large number of his contemporaries. What Mr. Rivington brings out with special force is that the charges against him are all traceable to Florence and Naples, the head-quarters of his political enemies.

The chapter on Dr. Pusey inquires into the causes of the influence which he exercised over the members of his party. It is traced to the engaging quality of his piety, with its strong and real interest in the souls of those with whom he came in contact, and secondly to the chivalry with which he held the ground in defence of truth against Protestant onslaughts, unruffled by the many hard things said against him. Mr. Rivington confesses to have come under the fascination, and recounts how he was brought gradually to the knowledge that little reliance could be placed on statements concerning the (Roman) Catholic Church which this oracle was wont to deliver with great emphasis as grounds for disregarding her claims.

Let us conclude this notice with an expression of opinion. Catholics are not all agreed about the advisability of a recent convert addressing the public. Some would object that he is not likely at first to have attained to a complete understanding of our doctrines and practices, and that in consequence he is likely to make mistakes which will compromise us all. Our own feeling is distinctly the other way. Of course the majority of fresh converts, as of other men, are in no sense capable of writing on these subjects. These should recognize the fact. But we refer to the few, mostly former clergymen, who are conscious of some ability to write, and have reasons for supposing that they retain a personal influence and credit among those they have just left which will cause their words to be received with interest and read. Such persons seem to us even under an obligation to use their providential opportunity of bringing the grace they have so recently experienced within the reach of their friends. A little previous consultation with more seasoned Catholics can always save them from any grave mistake. If now and then they make a mistake of minor importance (we are not aware that Mr. Rivington has made any), their very condition as recent converts is sufficient assurance that no stress ought to be laid upon it. If some unfair assailant should try to implicate us all in the blunder, is not the little obloquy ensuing a reasonable price to pay for an act of charity to inquiring Anglicans rendered at the right

moment? For these reasons Mr. Rivington seems to be acting well in using his present opportunity and writing his two excellent little works.

2.—ASSISTING AT HOLY MASS.¹

That method of hearing Mass is the best which approaches most nearly to a meditative union with the priest at the altar, and with the great High Priest in Heaven. By such a union, the faithful verify in the closest way the consoling words of the celebrant, who calls the Mass they hear, *meum ac vestrum sacrificium*. The priest on earth represents our Lord above, and our Blessed Lord in glory directs an act of His will to the Holy Sacrifice each priest offers as His minister and in His Name. That which was our Lord's intention when He instituted the Sacrifice of the Mass is His intention still, and our best and nearest union with Him is to will what He wills and to desire His desires. Now the Mass was instituted by Him as a true and real Sacrifice, though it is in a mystical way that the Victim is immolated, and it is offered for the four ends of sacrifice by our Lord, at the right hand of the Father, by the priest as He stands at the altar, and by all the faithful who make the Sacrifice their own. The four ends of sacrifice are therefore the thoughts, desires, prayers, and intentions that we are to fill our hearts with whilst Mass is being said and heard. What takes us from them, is distracting us from the Mass; what occupies us with them, more thoroughly unites us with the Mass. From our union with them, the fulness of our share in the Mass and its benefits arises.

Father Kingdon, in his admirable little book, has given us a *Way of Assisting at Holy Mass, according to the Four Ends of Sacrifice*. His object is to teach us how we may hear Mass profitably without a book. The words of others are useful when our own fail us, but it is more beneficial to our souls that we should speak to God in our own words than in those of another person. This is what Father Kingdon teaches. The parent bird flies before its little ones, in order to teach them how to fly. Father Kingdon shows us how to put his method into practice. The method proposed by him in this little book

¹ *A Way of Assisting at Holy Mass, according to the Four Ends of Sacrifice*. By the Rev. G. R. Kingdon, S.J. Fifteenth Thousand. London: Catholic Truth Society.

is not given to us that we should content ourselves with always following the words he suggests to us. Its intention is that we may learn from the example before us how we may work for ourselves, in imitation of the model given to us, and using the method on which it is constructed. It appeals to our understanding, that we may learn how to pray; and it presupposes an eagerness on our part to be able to pray, and especially to be able to assist worthily at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, so that we may more completely benefit by its spiritual treasures. It teaches us how we should unite our intention with the priest and with our Lord, whose Sacrifice it is. The ends for which the Sacrifice was instituted will thus become the ends for which we shall assist at it, and there certainly can be nothing more appropriate or more advantageous than this.

The method adopted by Father Kingdon is to take Adoration, Thanksgiving, Expiation, and Petition, and to apply the four following thoughts to each of them. First, to do my very best to worship God in the Mass by this one in particular of the four ends, taking them in their order. Secondly, to turn to our Blessed Lord, who in the Mass continues to offer to His Eternal Father the perfect Sacrifice offered by him on the Cross for *this* end of sacrifice. Thirdly, to treat His merits and His very self as my own, given to me that for this end I might offer Him as my own to the Eternal Father. Fourthly, to take up afresh my own efforts to give God this worship and to offer them to Him in unison with what our Lord is offering, so that they may be rendered acceptable by virtue of the infinite worth of this most pure oblation.

The prayers in the little book may be looked upon as specimens of how this may be done. Father Kingdon's words may be used while hearing Mass until a familiarity with the method has been attained, and then we may trust ourselves to express in our own hearts in the simplest way before God, in the four ways that have been pointed out, how heartily we unite our souls with the four ends of sacrifice successively. Father Kingdon has allotted the service of Adoration to the part of the Mass from the Introit to the Offertory, that of Thanksgiving from the Offertory to the Canon, that of Expiation from the Canon to the Pater noster, and then Petition from the Pater noster to the last Gospel. This division is not essential to the method, and it may well be that when we have accustomed ourselves to it and can do our work in our own words, we may

feel drawn to use another order, or at different times to take the four ends in varying proportions, dwelling most in Mass on that one which the Holy Ghost shows us at the time to be the particular need of our soul. Much spiritual profit, we are sure, may be drawn from the use of this little book, which the Catholic Truth Society has published so cheaply that it is within the reach of the poorest. The rich will be losers if they despise it because it only costs a halfpenny.

3.—INTRODUCTION TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.¹

At the present time the questions grouped about the Sacred Writings are occupying probably more attention than those writings themselves. Such matters as their authenticity, credibility, and inspiration, hold a foremost place in biblical controversy; and it is with a view to setting before English-speaking people, in a short popular form, the Church's teaching on some of these burning questions, that the Professor of Scripture at All Hallows College has brought out the work before us. He lays claim to no originality either in matter or mode of treatment, but aims at giving a direct statement of Catholic teaching on the question of the authority of Scripture. Dividing his subject into two parts—a general and a special introduction—in the first he deals with such subjects as the Scripture originals, the versions, the canon, and inspiration, ending with a chapter on the Book of Genesis in relation to natural science. The doctrine of inspiration is especially well stated, and the difference between inspiration and infallibility, and again between inspiration and canonicity—so often confounded—is clearly defined. The writer leans to the view that the class of Scriptural statements known as *obiter dicta*, though guarded by negative assistance, that is, by the exclusion of error, are not inspired. A useful chapter is devoted to explaining the position of the Church with regard to the Sacred Books. Her right formally to define through her Councils the meaning of disputed passages, or to assert such a meaning to be the true one because the Fathers have unanimously taught it, is claimed and established. We might suggest, however, that, considering the narrow limits which the author has set

¹ *Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures.* By Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. Professor of the Introduction to Scripture, Ecclesiastical History, &c., All Hallows Foreign Missionary College, Dublin.

himself, the Infallibility of the Church and Roman Pontiff might have been assumed instead of being proved at some length, and the space gained devoted to other matters more immediately connected with the Scriptures themselves.

The second part, the Special Introduction, deals with the particular books of the New Testament, a short analysis of each book being given, together with notes on disputed passages, doubtful readings, and the like. As this part of the work is not controversial, it does not extend to any great length. Indeed the impression produced throughout is that the writer has done himself scant justice in limiting himself as he has done. Many matters of the highest moment are lightly touched upon, or hinted at, sometimes passed over altogether. It is to be regretted that with his powers of exposition he did not launch upon a work more full and complete. In every direction this want of room makes itself felt. If an adversary is brought into the lists, he is treated not only chivalrously, but generously; the result being that, in the effort to give the objection its full weight, the answer is cramped, and sometimes insufficient. As an instance we might adduce the grounds given for retaining the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

The space of a reviewer, unlike that of an author, is of necessity confined, so we must end our remarks here. The book will be of service to those who seek to know the Catholic doctrine of canonicity and inspiration, and it will give them some insight, although an imperfect one, into questions which are agitating the biblical scholars of the day.

3.—LES POÈTES DE LA FOI.¹

Monsieur l'Abbé Gamber has published a charming volume on some of our most modern French poets—poets of this present century. These are little known to readers on this side of the Channel; and yet to us Catholics their existence and their works cannot be a matter of indifference. In days when infidel productions flood the markets, and infidel singers are to be heard on every highway, it must be a pleasure to us to hear strains and harmonies that breathe faith and hope and Divine love and peace.

¹ *Les Poètes de la Foi au xix^{me} Siècle.* Par L'Abbé Stanislas Gamber. Licencié ès-Lettres, Professeur de Rhétorique à l'Ecole Belsunce. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 1889.

The poets here selected have all lived in the present century, but are now no longer living, except in their works. They are five in number—Edouard Turquety, Paul Reynier, Jean Reboul, Victor de Laprade, Marie Jenna. Some of these names, no doubt, will be known to readers of French literature; but the present summary of their works and estimate of their lives and influence will be read by such with pleasure, and by all with interest. M. l'Abbé Gamber does not overrate the gifts of these writers :

Tous ceux que nous venons de nommer ne sont peut-être pas ces ciseleurs impeccables et ces maniéristes de l'expression, que notre siècle, si épris des élégances de la forme, goûte et admire. Mais outre que plusieurs peuvent sans crainte rivaliser avec les plus parfaits de nos auteurs contemporains, tous sont les chevaliers du Beau et du vrai, du Bien et du Devoir; tous ont la passion de l'Infini, et prenant pour mot de ralliement la devise du voyageur de Longfellow "Excelsior," nous emportent au-delà des régions ténébreuses et des horizons bornés, où l'on voudrait aujourd'hui retenir la muse; tous enfin ont sérieusement compris la sublime mission de la poésie, qui n'est pas seulement de charmer l'oreille et de plaire à l'imagination, mais d'amener les âmes à Dieu et de les rendre meilleures.

This we believe to be the true standard of poetical literature; and the value of a writer will be morally higher or lower as he approximates to or recedes from it. We have a great deal too much now-a-days of mere glitter and sound; and too little of soul and sense. It is high praise of the poets reviewed in the present volume that, while they have not neglected colour and form, they have placed their chief aim and effort in giving expression to the true, the beautiful, and the good.

We need only add that the Abbé Gamber's style is as pleasing and facile as his matter is interesting. We heartily recommend this volume to our readers.

4.—ESSAYS, CHIEFLY LITERARY AND ETHICAL.¹

These essays were most of them originally contributed to various periodicals such as the *Spectator* and the *National Review*, and therefore, as might be expected, the collection is miscellaneous, ranging over subjects so various as "Literature in its Social Aspects" and "The Philosophy of the Rule of Faith,"

¹ *Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical.* By Aubrey De Vere, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Co., 1889.

as "Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poetry" and "A Policy for Ireland." The whole volume is full of matter, for the author prints, not because he has to say something but because he has something to say; unlike those writers who having dug up a little gold beat it out into the thinnest leaf, our author has weighted every sentence with well-digested thought; indeed, if there is a complaint to be made in this connection it is that one or two of the papers presuppose too much acquaintance with the subject and are in a style too concise for the general reader. As for the language, it is the polished, clear-cut, English familiar to the readers of Aubrey De Vere, never loose, never careless; if fault must be found, it will be at the opposite extreme, and lovers of the natural and the simple will be inclined to say that here and there the language is somewhat elaborated, and more of poetic metaphor and illustration is indulged in than a Doric taste would expect to find in prose.

Of the political essays we say nothing except that they are carefully written, and even if the bias of the reader should incline him to other than these conclusions, still he cannot but recognize the fair and temperate tone which marks them. A most interesting paper is the first, "Literature in its Social Aspects," and we cordially commend it to the careful study of the reader. To one of its conclusions however we must take exception. The writer holds that "first, nations achieve great things, and when that energy is gone they sing them. Heroism thinks and acts and suffers; virtue is silent or sings but like that bird whose song is its dirge." This surely is too wide a generalisation. Take for example that most golden epoch of the world's literature and art, the history of Athens from (let us say) the revolt of the Ionians from Persia in 500 B.C. to the Battle of Chæronea in 338 B.C. What an unequalled constellation of writers and artists! In poetry, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes; in history, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon; in philosophy, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno; in oratory, Æschines and Demosthenes; in art, Phidias, Zeuxis, Parrhasius. Yet who would maintain that the epoch of these mighty names was a period "when energy was gone"? Not asthenic were the generations which witnessed Marathon and Salamis and the Thirty Years' War; not languor was the note of the statesmen who consolidated the Athenian Hegemony; nor was that a season of decline which gave birth to men like Themistocles and Cimon and Demosthenes the hero of Pylos. Never did the world better express

its thoughts than at this time when it achieved its noblest deeds!

Our limits leave us but space to direct attention to one more paper, "The Philosophy of the Rule of Faith." This is an excellent essay and reflects much credit on a non-professional theologian for his clear conception and masterly expression of the theology of a difficult theme. Mr. De Vere is right to insist on the overwhelming importance of this subject. In all controversy between the Church and the sects, the question is narrowed to this issue, "Is there an infallible Church or not? if there be, then it is the Church Catholic for none other even claims this note; if not, then judged both on abstract grounds and by experience, the religion of Christ—which is nothing, if not One—is an obvious failure. The subject is treated in a very temperate and uncontroversial tone, nor is there a word from beginning to end that could wound the most sensitive of opponents. In another edition, however, we venture to suggest that the author dwell with more emphasis on the supermetaphysical Certainty of Faith; that he give far more prominence to Tradition, the *verbum non scriptum sed traditum*; and above all that he re-write the latter part of the paragraph ending on p. 299 which treats of Faith and Reason. The connection between these two functions cannot be too delicately handled nor too accurately set forth, and the present exposition of that connection is hardly such as would commend itself to a theologian who had before him the declarations of Pius the Ninth and the Decrees of the Vatican Council. Mr. De Vere's statement is not wrong, but it is open to a wrong interpretation, and the unprofessional reader would in most instances, we think, put that wrong interpretation on it.

5.—THE CASTLE AND THE MANOR.¹

Miss de Winter has given us a very fresh and pretty children's tale. *The Castle and the Manor* is a simple easy narrative of work and play, in which the work is made to seem no less a pleasure than the play. The authoress is devoted to our "little people;" she is an artist in their management; without posing as a moralist or the advocate of a new theory, she lets us feel in every chapter of her bright child-history, the happy

¹ *The Castle and the Manor.* By M. A. de Winter. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

influence of her system for their intellectual and moral training and development.

The Castle and the Manor is a story of intelligent and well-born children who have learned in happy homes the secret of unvarying cheerfulness—although we must grant that their trials are not grievous and clouds never gather very darkly over them! They are all good, so far as we see always good; there is no bad-tempered insubordinate child among them. Indeed, we might have been disposed to ask, if such exemplary little boys and girls were ever found among the stubborn facts of our unsatisfying world. But Miss de Winter puts this question for us and is ready with her answer.

"I fancy," so she writes, "I hear you saying, 'Were these children never naughty?' I cannot assure you that they were always quite good; never careless, never cross with one another, never behind time, never selfish. I dare say they were sometimes; but do you know I am not very fond of remembering ugly things about children; and certainly I should not write them down to be printed for you to read. I never tell any one if I see a child naughty, I just keep that to myself."

It would carry us beyond the limits of a short review to reproduce the outlines of her story. We hope that many youthful readers will become acquainted with the little Russells, Miss de Winter's special "favourites," and the Selbournes, of whom also she is "very fond." And we should not much wonder if some older heads were to enjoy this study of child-life, brim-full of love of children and close observation of their ways.

The Castle and the Manor is much better than the common race of children's stories. The anecdotes of Mr. Cradbury are worthy of the pen of Sydney Smith. Scotty's tale of the monkeys and the cocoa-nuts, the graceful fable of the king of birds, the legend which explains in old Norse fashion why the sea is salt, are charming bits. The reaction from keen pleasure and excitement, when the Russells come to settle down to the monotony of everyday life at the manor, is also a good study.

The faults, let us say rather the defects, of Miss de Winter's book, are not extremely grave. The power to execute a life-like portrait of that strange anomaly an old-fashioned child, is for a student of child-life the summit of his art; here and there Miss de Winter will find room for longer study. The youngest

children, and especially May Selbourne, do not seem to us quite natural.

We expect with interest Miss de Winter's *Second Part*, the Roman sequence of her book, and hope, to quote her pleasant words, that we may soon set foot with her upon the brightest, sunniest of lands, and enter with her the Eternal City.

6.—FOR A KING!¹

There is perhaps no period of English history which is so rich in matter for the construction of an historical romance as that which the author has selected. The passionate enthusiasm for his cause, as well as devoted love to himself which Charles the First had the power of evoking, gathers round him a variety of picturesque and interesting personages. But to the happy selection of a period full of romance the interest of *For a King!* is not alone due, and in the literary style there is evidence of great care, and the purity of the English is equalled by the writer's command of it, as it was spoken at the date of the book.

An historical romance differs materially from a work of pure fiction inasmuch as fancy has to be bound by the outlines of certain facts, and imaginary characters are found by the side of those who have actually existed. There are many difficulties connected with the production of a book of the kind, and the author, in the volumes before us, has overcome them. We have given us sufficient of domestic details to enable us to read through their medium the character of seventeenth century life. The local colouring is true and accurate, and the descriptions are never overdone. The style of the romance is easy throughout, and the characters are well drawn, each with his own special traits maintained throughout. The scenes between Sir John Hotham and Lord Digby, when political differences had sundered their friendship, are specially good, and serve as part of a kind of prologue to the story which begins with the first breaking out of the long-expected civil war. We are attracted by the character of the Royalist, Roland Arundell, and are interested in his love story. Wardour Castle, the Arundell house, is well described, and the scene before Roland

¹ *For a King! An Historical Romance.* By T. S. Sharwood. Two vols. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

leaves it for the battle we quote here, as it gives us a peep into the Catholic life of the time :

Presently the Castle bell tolled the hour of five, and almost immediately afterwards Lady Arundell, followed by her daughter and a few domestics, descended the broad steps that led into the court. Roland went hastily to meet them, receiving his mother's tender greeting with a loving deference well suited to his age. Then he followed her silently into the private oratory (a small chamber set apart for the purpose in the western tower), where the Holy Sacrifice was about, even now, to be offered by the Castle chaplain, Father Faulkner.

In the days of which we write it was at no small risk and peril that Catholics, however loyal and devoted, could follow up the practice of their religion, receive its consolations, or perform even its most sacred duties : the penal laws were not yet abrogated, although of late years less stringently enforced, and might at any moment be revived again in their full severity. But at Wardour, as in many another of the grand old Catholic houses—despite of danger, risk, and difficulty, the old Faith of the land had been kept and cherished, and its holiest rites in secret indeed—but still most reverently, constantly performed ; and so on this day of anxiety and trial, when the youngest and best-loved son was about to enter on the same path of peril which his sires had followed, it was fitting that mother and son should meet together, perhaps for the last time, at the altar foot.

It was a touching sight, a mournful one also, inasmuch as it presaged a long and, perchance, lasting farewell ; yet the little chapel, fair and peaceful in the dim morning light, the quiet tones of the priest, calm and unfaltering in their earnest reverence, seemed to bring a balm to the troubled hearts of those who knelt there, whilst the deep responses of the men-at-arms, rugged yet devout, gave a new impressiveness to the scene.

When Mass was over there was a little silence, and then the priest came forward to the altar steps, and with a few words, at once solemn and consoling, addressed the little group of worshippers who still lingered to hear him speak ; and then, his voice faltering despite himself, bestowed upon them his parting blessing, whilst the soldiers, on bended knee, vowed earnestly before him to give their strength, their health, their very life if need be, for the good of their cause and the service of their King.

Then they arose and quickly left the chapel ; and when, a short half-hour later, the preparations for their journey ended, they met again together for the morning meal, it was with calm brave faces and resolute hearts, and a brave acceptance of what the future held in store for them.

What that future was, and how the histories of the various characters were affected by it, we leave it to the book to say,

feeling sure that all who read it will be glad to welcome another from the same hand.

7.—TOLD BY THE FIRELIGHT.¹

A fresh book of stories is always acceptable. The volume before us, one of the *Firelight Library*, is a collection of short and simple tales which have already appeared in the pages of the *Ave Maria* magazine. They are the work of different writers, and consequently vary as much as possible in style and subject. This book is suited for children; and will be a welcome addition to the schoolroom or lending library. Whatever be the task of the reader, he cannot fail to find in it much to please and attract; and whatever his nationality, English or American, French, Spanish, or Italian, he will meet with descriptions of scenes and persons belonging to his home and country. Some of the stories are touching and pathetic, like "Little Peter's Good Birthday;" some are humorous and diverting, like the history of "Pollie's Five Dollars," or the unfortunate "Flops." Some are narratives of the past, as "Count Hugue's Pardon," others relate incidents of missionary adventure, of perils by sea or land, or legends of miracles wrought by saints. But in whatever category they may be classed, each and all impress upon the reader how pleasing it is to God when confidence is placed in Him, and His aid invoked in time of distress; how He values every act of self-sacrifice, every deed of charity, and how amply He rewards each service rendered for His sake to the needy and afflicted.

Another point in this book of tales, apart from any other merit or interest it may possess, which renders it much to be recommended, is that in almost if not every instance, it is an example, not a warning, which is placed before the reader. How incomparably greater is the influence for good exercised by the former than by the latter, is known to all who have any acquaintance—we will not say with the childish mind, but with human nature. The following extract is taken from "Two Christmas Eves." A little French chimney-sweep, having heard that the Child Jesus went down through the chimney to bestow His gifts on children, remembering that the garret where he sleeps has no such means of access, resolves to spend Christmas

¹ *Told by the Firelight.* A Collection of Stories for Boys and Girls. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Boston: T. B. Noonan and Co., 1888.

Eve on the roof of a house, in the hope of intercepting the celestial visitor. He peeps down a chimney, and hears a voice say :

"Mark, you must be very obedient if you want the Infant Jesus to send you a beautiful Christmas present to-night by His angels."

A child's voice answered : "I want the Holy Infant to come Himself."

Johnny had heard enough. There was the place for him ; evidently the Infant Jesus was expected there, so he settled himself on the roof. But the wind grew more and more piercing, snow began to fall, and Johnny shivered under his rags. "Alas !" he said, "I shall be dead before midnight if I stay here, I'll creep into the chimney, the fire is out ; I can hold myself very well—just as I do when sweeping—and I shall be warm and sheltered. And if I do go to sleep, I shall wake up when the Infant Jesus passes by. So the little fellow planted himself well, and even fell asleep ; but after awhile he lost his balance, and tumbled down the chimney into the middle of the hearth.

Papa, mamma, and little boy all started to their feet with a cry.

"You young rascal !" exclaimed papa, "where do you come from ?"

"It is the fault of the cold night, sir, please. I could not help it. I am Johnny, the chimney sweep. Don't beat me."

"But what were you doing on the roof at this time of night ?" said mamma gently.

"Please, madam, I was waiting for the Infant Jesus. I am an orphan, and so miserable ! I wanted to ask Him to make my master kinder to me, and to make me happy."

"Oh, don't beat him, papa !" piped little Mark.

"Don't be afraid, my poor boy," said papa. Then turning to his own little son, he went on : "Mark, you said that the Holy Infant should come down Himself to-night. Look at Him, He has taken the form and the clothing of little children He loves the best in the world—the miserable children."

The dwellers in the house were excellent people, rich and charitable. They resolved to adopt the child and bring him up with their own son.

The little orphan was nearly wild with joy. He fell on his knees, joined his hands and said : "Dear Infant Jesus, dear Infant Jesus, I thank Thee."

So Johnny was called the Christmas brother. . . . The two boys grew up together and Johnny did not disappoint the hopes of his adoptive parents. Mark chose the army as his profession, while Johnny was still happier, for to him was granted a vocation to the priesthood. Mark came home one winter with his officer's epaulettes, to assist at John's first Mass which was said on Christmas Eve, the day so dear to all their hearts. (pp. 288—292.)

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Catholic Truth Society, with their accustomed promptitude, has issued a penny Life of Father Damien,¹ from materials chiefly furnished by his brother, Father Pamphile. Probably most of our readers already know it, so we will only say that it is an admirable account of his devoted and heroic work. We are glad to learn that the same Society is about to issue a more complete Life, giving the details of his last hours (which had not arrived when the present biography was issued) and inserting a number of most interesting letters of this Christian hero.

Messrs. Herder have published an English version of Canon Maunoury's Little Greek Anthology.² Its excellence and usefulness is sufficiently proved by the fact that it has gone through twenty-five editions in France. The author tells us that every Greek root of any importance is introduced, and this is certainly a remarkable achievement within the limits. A copious Commentary is added, and a Dictionary of Greek Roots and their principal derivatives. We should like to have seen the names of the authors given from whom extracts are made. The passages are not confined to the Attic, after the usual custom of Elementary Greek Reading-Books, but include a variety of dialectic forms.

A biography of a Saint in verse³ is a novelty and an agreeable change. In a simple unpretentious poem, Father Horgan has narrated the various incidents of St. Wilfrid's Life. We will not attempt to criticize the versification, and we hope

¹ *Father Damien*: The Apostle of the Lepers. From original letters and information. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Little Anthology*. By the Very Rev. Canon Maunoury. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder, 17, South Broadway, 1888.

³ *The Life and Labours of St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York*. By Rev. M. P. Horgan. Louth: J. W. Goulding, 20, Mercer Row.

that his poem may aid in spreading the knowledge of this great Saint.

We gladly welcome *Campion*,¹ in which Father Longhaye strikes a true chord from the first. Its spirit is that of true religious courage, contrasted with Puritan bigotry and Anglican infirmity of reasoning and resolution. True sentiment abounds, yet there is no sentimentality, much is really elevated, but nowhere a suspicion of claptrap.

The brief but brilliant career of Blessed Edmund, abounding in dramatic incidents such as his capture, his disputations, his death, the striking conversions he effected, the strange enthusiasm which he aroused, these episodes and surroundings go to make up a subject, which a less skilful hand than that of Father Longhaye might have welded into true dramatic form. But the author's exceptional power is easily recognized not only by the admirable tone, in which the whole is conceived, but also by the clear delineation of character, which never errs from first to last.

Cecil is, as he well deserves to be, the villain of the piece, while Leicester, in order to fill the part of Cecil's foil and counterpoise, is favoured above his merits; Elizabeth, too, as far as she appears, has been gently handled. Leicester's endeavours to obtain *Campion's* pardon, and Cecil's determination to ruin his victim's fame and destroy his life, are the moving forces which bring about the denouement; while the constancy of the Martyr, and the contrary influences of the minor characters, complete the development of the tragedy, which ends as it began in tones of true religious firmness, at once lofty, sober, and invigorating.

The translation too is praiseworthy. It is not indeed absolutely free from occasional jerkiness, and a few obscurities, but it runs well, and could be set on the stage with great effect. There are several passages which we should like to quote, did space permit. We will therefore only refer in conclusion to two noble speeches of Blessed Edmund's on pages 32 and 34, the one in which he challenges inquiry into the purity of his truth and honesty, the other wherein he recalls his first clear presage of coming martyrdom.

We can do little more than note the appearance of Father Bayma's book, the detailed account of which would be little suitable to the pages of *THE MONTH*. It contains a clear and simple

¹ *Campion*. A Tragedy. By the Rev. G. Longhaye, S.J. Translated into English blank verse by James Gillow Morgan. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

account of the principles of Differential and Integral Calculus,¹ but is chiefly notable for the abundance of illustrations given of the application of these principles. Thus we have many illustrations of the way in which the calculus can be used to facilitate the solution of questions in geometry and mechanics, and even concerning the planetary orbits. The student will not look to Father Bayma for that full discussion of principles and rigid proof of fundamental propositions that is dear to the speculative mind: his object throughout has been the purely practical one of showing how to use a powerful instrument for obtaining answers to interesting questions; and with this view, it would be difficult to find a better book. The explanations are clear and simple, while the good paper, wide margins, and tasteful arrangement of the mathematical symbols, leave nothing to be desired. The book proves that the people of the far West appreciate elegance of form as well as more solid qualities, even in their sternest studies.

The position which Father Hirst now occupies as an archæologist, makes it unnecessary, if not impertinent, to praise this masterly address.² The learned President of Ratcliffe claims, and proves his claim, that history depends on the labours of the archæologist, and that without the aid of his researches, the rapid conquests which have been made in late years of periods hitherto blanks on the map of the past, would have been simply impossible. The link, which exists between the arts of Greece and those of Assyria, is shown by the most interesting discovery of the great shrine-cave on Mount Ida. The treasure of works of art belonging to a very early age (and especially the votive shields which have been found therein) throws a flood of light on the history of art. Let us hope that the lecture may be published for general circulation, and illustrated with representations of some of the objects described.

Father Humphrys has done well to bring into public notice the abuse of the Erasmus Smith Fund by its Trustees.³ It is

¹ *Elements of Infinitesimal Calculus.* By Joseph Bayma, S.J., Professor of Mathematics in Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, California. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel, 1889, pp. 283.

² *Opening Address to the Antiquarian Section of the Archaeological Congress held at Leamington in 1888.* By the Rev. Joseph Hirst. (For private circulation.) Exeter: William Pollard and Co., 1889.

³ *Evidence Submitted to the Commissioners of the Educational Endowments (Ireland) Act.* By the Rev. David Humphrys, C.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street, 1889.

the old story. Money left for the purposes of education in Ireland, and diverted to the Protestant minority. At present, the money left by Erasmus Smith is not allowed to benefit the Catholic tenants. His idea was to provide sound education for the children of the neighbourhood: as he was a Protestant of course, he desired that it should be a Protestant education, but it was his intention and desire that Catholic children should attend the school. It is clearly the duty of the managers of the school to carry out his leading idea of educating the children of the neighbourhood, and to exclude the subordinate and objectionable element in his bequest: of attempting to use education for the purposes of proselytism. The Vice-Chancellor now proposes a scheme which in theory admits Catholic children, but in fact excludes them. Against this Father Humphrys protests, and shows how the funds are at present wasted and lying idle, while Catholic education is crying aloud for help. We wish all success to his appeal.

Dr. Robinson has delivered at the Working Men's College an amusing and useful lecture on Will Power and the Means of Development.¹ He divides all the world into Iron People, Gunpowder People, and Jelly People, the latter being a majority of the race. He concludes by the sensible and practical remark that very few human beings ever reach the maximum of their will-power.

Mr. W. H. James Weale has now given us the third issue of his laborious work, the *Analecta Liturgica*.² This number contains first of all five kalendars, four of them late in the fifteenth century and one of them early in the sixteenth. How useful kalendars are those know who are accustomed, when they open an old liturgical manuscript, to look to the feasts as indications of the place where it was written. These bring us from page 97 to page 128 of the collection of kalendars. Of the five, the one that has interested us the most is that of Nidrosia, or Drontheim, the metropolitan church of Norway, for though it has of course its local saints, such as St. Magnus and St. Olave (whose translation, by the way, comes within the octave of his feast), the kalendar to our surprise contains many

¹ *The Power of the Will*. By Tom Robinson, M.D. London: Gilbert and Rivington, 1889.

² *Analecta Liturgica*, Fasc. III., Maio, 1889. Londini: apud I. Foran, 2, Orange Street, W.C.

English saints. May, for instance, has St. John of Beverley, St. Dunstan and St. Augustine, the Apostle of the English; in June we find St. Etheldreda; in July the translation of our St. Thomas; the translation of St. Cuthbert is in September; the two St. Edmunds in November. This is remarkable.

The proses are then continued from page 81 to page 176 of that collection. Mr. Weale goes through the proses of eight local missals, printing at full length with most careful collation and excellent editing all the proses that have not appeared in modern collections of ancient hymns. The three from which the greater number of inedited proses are taken are the missals of Liège, Langres, and Hereford. In the last-named we find three proses of St. Thomas of Hereford, two of St. Ethelbert, and one of St. Edmund the King and Martyr. Everything that relates to our old English saints and the honour they received in our country is very welcome; and so are the testimonies to our forefathers' devotion to our Lady. Here is a pretty verse from the Hereford prose within the octave of the Assumption:

O Maria, maris stella, præsentem familiam
Hujus mundi de procella duc ad pacis patriam.

The only hint we have to offer to Mr. Weale is that he should make more easily accessible the modern names of the churches, of which he gives the Latin titles. It might even be well to add a word or two to show where they are. Mr. Weale must not expect to find in his readers knowledge like his own. We hope he may have readers in abundance to repay him for his labour of love.

Dame Marion Boyd,¹ Countess of Abercorn, is not as generally well known among Catholics as she deserves to be. She was one of the noble confessors of the faith who stood firm against the cruel persecution that robbed Scotland of the faith. She was summoned before the Presbytery, publicly excommunicated, and thrown into the public jail. Her life indeed was spared, but her imprisonment brought her to her grave before the time. We thank the Archbishop of Glasgow for making known to us the history of this true "Model Woman."

¹ *A Model Woman.* By His Grace, the Archbishop of Glasgow. London: Catholic Truth Society.

The Catholic Truth Society has published as a pamphlet Father Morris' decisive article on Archbishopal Jurisdiction.¹ We invite our readers to procure it (it only costs one penny) and to circulate it freely among their Anglican friends. It puts the real question in dispute clearly and convincingly. "It is not easy," says Father Morris, "to reconcile the rejection of the spiritual supremacy of the Queen with the oath of homage." "There is only one thing," he says again, "for which we look in vain in the Archbishop's judgment. There is not the faintest hint of the source from which the jurisdiction he (Archbishop Benson) claims from his suffragan Bishop is derived." These are the two theses which form the texts of which this pamphlet is an interesting and useful exposition.

Among Messrs. Benzigers' recent publications is a miniature but most excellent treatise on Conformity to the Will of God.² It consists of twenty short chapters, which we recommend for spiritual reading to those who have only a short time to devote to it, and who wish to make the most of the few moments they can spare. They will learn day by day the most important of all lessons from this simple little book—to submit their will to God's and to seek to please Him alone. At the end is printed Blessed Leonard's Method of Hearing Mass with Profit.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The readers of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* have frequently had their attention directed to the evil effects of State control on education in Germany. Father v. Hammerstein now writes of the state of schools in Austria, where a denominational school is found far more rarely than in Prussia. If the rising generation is to be indoctrinated with the principles and opinions expressed by the head of the training college in Vienna, and by the periodicals which are current among schoolmasters, it is to be feared that Austria will not long be a Catholic country. In the quotations given the fundamental beliefs of Christianity are denied, and materialism and the worship of humanity take the

¹ *Archiepiscopal Jurisdiction*. By John Morris, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *The Will of God*. From the French. Benziger Brothers.

place of religious instruction, which is declared to be demoralizing and opposed to all serious and useful learning. The account of the advance made in astronomical knowledge of late years concludes with a mention of the principal observations and discoveries relative to the fixed stars, their number, distance, light, and colour. Great as are the revelations already due to the labours of astronomers in the Old and New World, the sidereal system, infinite in extent and variety, still offers a vast field for investigation and research. Father v. Hoensbroech ends his excellent essay on the Temporal Power of the Papacy, by bidding the Catholic world never cease to raise its voice in strenuous protest against the violation of the inalienable rights of the head of Christendom. A history of Catholicism since the year 1814, by a Protestant professor of Jena, forms the subject of another article. The only portion of this anti-Papal work taken under review is the account of the Catholic movement in England. It abounds with inaccuracies and false statements.

The *Katholik* (May) devotes a considerable portion of space to a sketch of the life of the late Archbishop Ullathorne. This brief memoir, of which the writer deprecates criticism, is carefully compiled from various sources of information, and shows a just appreciation, not only of the zeal and virtue of this eminent prelate, but also of the influence for good which he exercised over religious thought in his day. The history of the contest in Belgium concerning religious education is brought to a close in the current number of the *Katholik*. It affords additional proof, were this necessary, of the futility of all efforts on the part of the secular power to force concessions from the Holy See, especially when so unconciliatory and arrogant an attitude is assumed by the Government, as was the case in this instance. The article on the Breviary gives minute and interesting details respecting the various lections, the time when they were appointed to be read, and the rules which governed the choice made. The practice of reading portions of Scripture as a part of Divine service was customary under the Old Law; it was sanctioned by our Lord and the Apostles, and has been continued at all times by the Church in the recitation of the Office or Canonical Hours. Father Michael, S.J., contributes a biographical notice of a chronicler of the thirteenth century, who entered young into

the Order of Brothers Minor, and was a priest and preacher, a great traveller and writer.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (935) notices the feeling called forth in the public papers, especially one entitled the *Nuova Antologia*, by the Catholic Congresses which have met almost simultaneously in Spain, Portugal, Austria and Belgium, and in which the inalienable rights of the Holy See have been valiantly asserted and maintained. The Liberal journals state that united Italy has a right to Rome as her capital, forgetting that the right of the Papacy is an anterior one; they say the Pope seeks foreign interference in his behalf, whereas the moral support of the Powers, not their armed intervention, is what he desires. When, it is asked, will the unhappy strife between the Italian State and the head of Christendom cease? A book bearing on this subject, called the *Liberation of Rome*, recently published by General Cadorna, under whose leadership the occupation of Rome in 1870 was effected, leads the *Civiltà* (936) to inquire into the character of this officer, both in his military and political capacity. The disturbances, almost amounting to an insurrection, which took place lately at the very gates of Milan, whose inhabitants were holding a kind of carnival, suggests some comments on the indifference to the condition of the people manifested by the Italian Government. Misery and destitution engender sedition and rebellion; the writer of the article warns the Government to learn by the example of the French Revolution that a starving and disaffected populace cannot long be held back by forcible repression. The nature of the evils which afflict Italy, and their remedies, is examined into. The first instalment of an essay on the Universities of the middle ages appears in the last issue; it is principally taken from the valuable work of the German Dominican, Father Denifle. The article on the Shepherd Kings of Egypt discusses the reason why so scanty a record of the reigns of this dynasty is preserved. The arguments for and against the theory of the learned Egyptologist, Wiedeman, are carefully weighed. The paper on Political Economy gives a recapitulation, in a clear and concise form, of what has already been said on the subject.

The Lenten Pastoral of the Bishop of Angers upon the duties of those who have the right of suffrage, calls for some remarks in the *Études* for June, on the extent to which the

clergy may mix by word or action in politics, that is to say, in what relates to the constitution, establishment, and exercise of power. It is clearly laid down that in matters purely political the priest has a voice in his private, but not in his public capacity; in those wherein some question of morals is involved, he is bound to speak, still more when the rights of the Church or the interests of religion are at stake. We recommend to the reader a careful perusal of Father de Bonniot's excellent and able article on "The Criminal," in which he shows the futility of the system of punishment proposed by modern theorists, who, ignoring the law of God, agree that the repression of crime is a social necessity, but cannot agree as to what constitutes crime. Father Debrel contributes the commencement of an interesting biography of the Comte de la Union, a type of a race fast disappearing. In him we find a personification of the ancient national spirit of Spain, of chivalry and honour, of fidelity to the King, and loyal devotion to the Catholic faith. There seems so little akin to poetry in the events of the French Revolution, that it is surprising to learn from Father Delaporte's paper that the poets who echoed and embodied its principles in verse—not poetry of a very high order it is true—were most numerous. All the ringleaders of '89 were prolific verse-makers. Father Desjardins lays before us a painful page of history in his interesting article on the divorce of Napoleon, or rather the annulling of his union with Joséphine. He describes the arguments urged by the counsellors of the Emperor for the invalidity of the first marriage, the attitude of the Cardinals in regard to the second marriage, and points out how signally Napoleon's expectations were disappointed by the results, both political and religious, of the Austrian alliance.

